

Punch



WIMPEY PUBLICATIONS
VOTE FOR
VO
TO
ISM
FUTURE
LABOUR
OFFER
YOU
IS BETTER
WITH THE
CONSERVATIVES
NEEDS A
LIBERAL
LEAD



Life's simple pleasures

In the field of popular journalism, two kinds of 'story' are always winners: those dealing with babies and those featuring dogs. Which of the two stands higher in public favour we do not know, but it must be a very close thing; and because these two subjects make so powerful an appeal, it is easy to see why those whose households include the first should so often come under pressure to acquire the second. From this situation only the strongest-minded emerge unscathed and dog-less. More commonly, the story is one of delaying actions followed by capitulation and a visit to the local kennels. Well, that at least makes sense. Any commercial enterprise is all the better for expert advice and assistance and the larger the enterprise, the greater the need. Fortunately, it can easily be satisfied. The Midland Bank possesses a considerable fund of commercial and economic information, covering the whole trading world. This may not help you to purchase a dog (though it has more than once saved someone from being 'sold a pup'); but in the wider spheres of internal and external trade the knowledge and advice of the Midland Bank can be a very great help indeed.



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PUNCH

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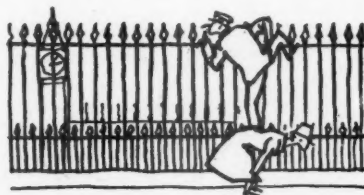
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The London Charivari

JUST over a month ago the editor of *Krokodil*, Russia's *Punch*, asked me to send him a cartoon on the Ike-Khrush exchange visits. I sent Mansbridge's drawing of August 12, a picture entitled "Handshake" showing the two leaders testing their strength with a table-top handclasp. Now *Krokodil* has returned the cartoon because it "seemed of too sinister a character for us." Well, now, this is something. *Krokodil* is famed for its vicious caricatures of Western leaders and the Western way of life, and all this is now to be replaced apparently by milk and honey. Good. I shall examine my *Krokodil* very closely for bloodthirsty Ikes, bomb-happy Macs and infant-chewing capitalists—at the same time echoing the Russian paper's expressed hope "that in the future our co-operation will be more fruitful."

Only Fair

DR. WARREN, Brixton's Tory candidate, climbed into a local resident's house



when she locked herself out and got her safely in. To-morrow she's expected to try to do the same for him.

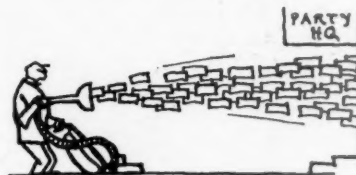
Enough is not too little

A CONSERVATIVE Party film made for television stressed the importance of care for the "not-so-

young." As the same euphemism is being tossed about by the Pensions Ministry we must presumably regard it as not-so-unofficial. I suppose we *could* get used to talking about not-so-young-age pensioners and not-so-young people's homes, but as a policy this business of saying what things are not should surely be avoided. "Life is Not So Bad With the Conservatives" doesn't seem to have quite the bite of the original.

Vote for the Lot

I SEE that *one* of the Labour party's "seventeen fresh leaflets" produced last week had 500,000 copies run off, and that the Conservative party in York



alone will have stuffed 500,000 pieces of political literature through local letter-boxes. It looks as if the real waverers in to-morrow's booths may be the members of the printing trade.

The Battle of the Boards

IT came as a sad shock to see the Gas Board rounding on the Coal Board last week and snarling at them over the price of coal. Of course it's easy to see why they should have been touchy, what with the National Union of Mineworkers accusing them of "black-mailing the coal industry," and the Electricity Board serenely announcing



"They're not cheering you, you fool, they're cheering the new Anglia."

a year's surplus of £27,000,000; but little boards in their nests, to coin a phrase, ought to agree, in public at any rate. On me the squabble had the same sort of effect as if the Home Secretary had got up in the House of Commons and said he was sorry about all this juvenile crime, but what could you expect when the Minister of Education ran such a rotten lot of schools?

National Pride Pricked

SEVERAL allegations of careless campaigning were brought against Mr. Gaitskell, but no one picked out his speech over the Border, where he told Scotsmen that they had "the worst houses in Britain." You can't expect to get votes by going around insulting people.

You're All Right Jacked

THE "most modern conception of the future mobile home" was shown for the first time at the Earl's Court Caravan Exhibition last week. It has bay windows at one end and French doors at the other. From the side it looks like a houseboat on wheels. But for the real outdoor type the most startling feature of this mobile home is the modest inscription in the brochure: "If any person uses or causes to be used this vehicle," say the manufacturers, "that person is liable to a fine not exceeding £20." Any enthusiast wanting a less modern conception of

mobility might well have thought seriously about the "Eccles Elegance Clubman"—if only for the fun of being hailed by other holiday-makers as "Old Smarty-Wheels."

Bad to Worse

THAT Norfolk lady with noisy cockerspaniels, who was summoned for nuisance and proposed to have the dogs operated on for bark-removal, may have pacified her complaining neighbours for the time being. But wait until the animal-lovers come round yelping and baying.

Counter-Gambit

"NAME-dropping" has been brought to a fine art; but what about name-catching? Polished social intercourse demands that the man on the receiving end should give the name-dropper a feeling of achievement and yet keep his own end up; but often name-catching is rough and ready, amounting to no more than embarrassed silence or, at best, "Yes, I think I know who you mean." I have found the following ripostes effective, whether one has ever met the name dropped before or not: "Do you think he has fulfilled his early promise?" "If one divides mankind into the batsmen and the bowlers, which class would you put

him in?" and "Don't tell him you know me. I owe him a dinner."

Toe the Chalk Line

EVERYONE was glad to read that local trade union officials on the spot are in future to get together and settle demarcation disputes. Of course, each man's exact discussion territory will have to be the subject of careful demarcation first.

Symbolism

A BUTCHER in my district possessed a personality so highly-coloured that it verged on the eccentric. He invariably wore the standard butchers' boater, but with the added embellishment of a long pheasant feather stuck in the band. Sallying out from behind his weighing-machine, he would often harangue his customers on the latest of the world's idiocies. One day, instead of the usual display of meat, he had mounted in the window an escritoire, a chair, a blizzard of forms, and an impassioned poster shouting against the excesses of bureaucracy. When he died the other day the shop was closed on the day of the funeral. Pasted to the window was a black-bordered notice explaining the reason for the closure, and below it, lying starkly on the bare expanse of white tiles, was a single black-pudding. He probably had thought that one up himself.

And Bellow Fruitfulness

No one, perhaps, would care to say where Adam and Eve are at the moment, or even Atalanta, or Isaac Newton, if it comes to that; but the chances are that they will share with us a faint wave of nausea at the current announcement over fruiterers' apple-trays: "Ripe English Worcesters. As Seen on TV."

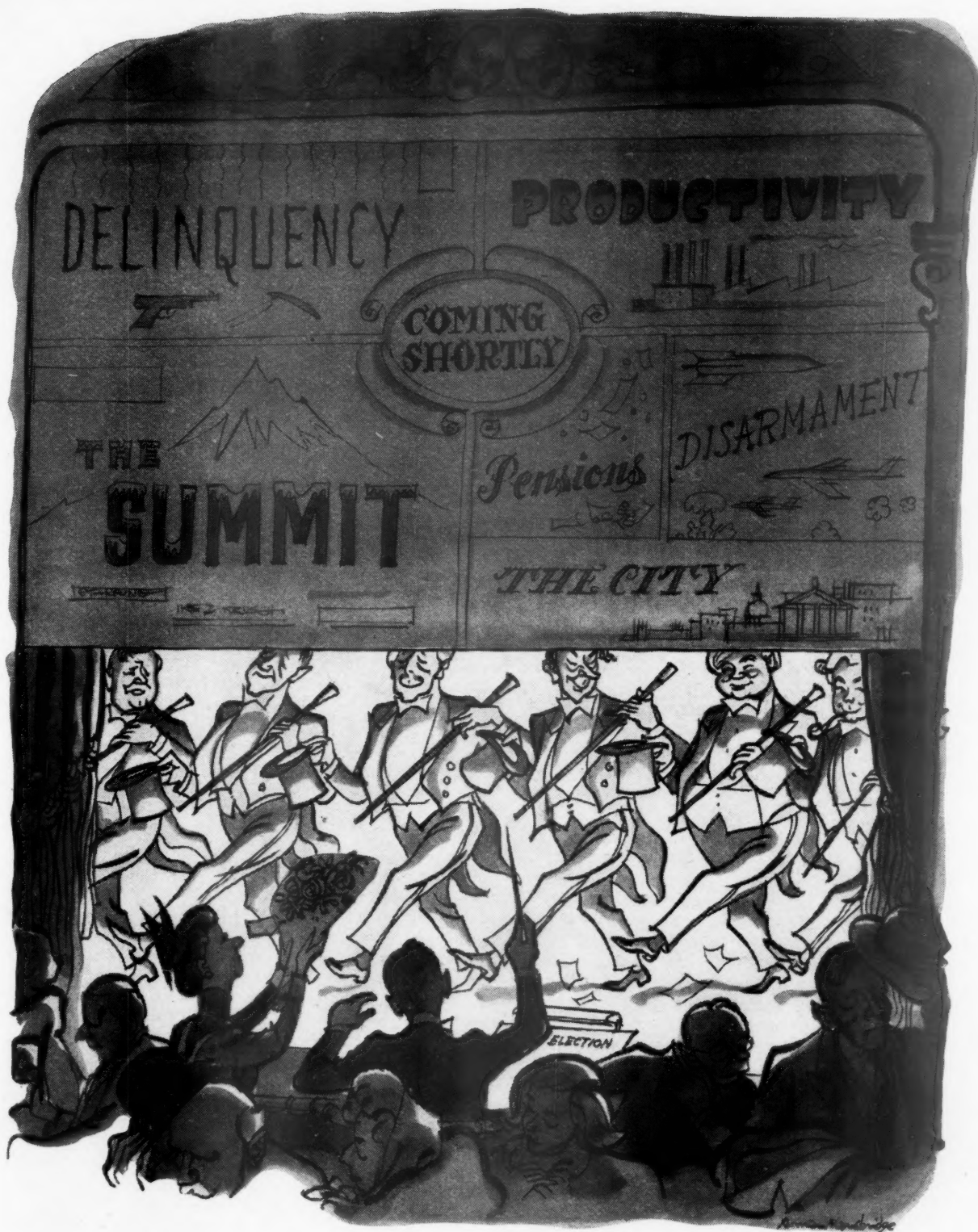
Let X Equal the Unknown

FOR me no Party's suitable,
I'd sooner be inscrutable,
Quite easily uprootable,
Mercurial and mutable,
And stay a floating voter to the end.
Because I'm not computable
Those smugly irrefutable,
Those sea-green unpollutable,
Those eminently shootable
Psephologists are driven round the bend.

— MR. PUNCH



"Gone is that old look of reverence and awe when you tell people you're a director of several companies."



THE ENTERTAINERS

THE ROAD TO 1984



A series of probes for proles.

This week's subject is . . .

Not So Dark Continent By ELSPETH HUXLEY

Extracts from "Into Africa," by Jack Bunter

THE Emperor Bassi, resplendent in a cloth of scarlet and gold, received me in his glittering new palace—circular, like the primitive huts preserved in the Dakar Museum but twenty-six times larger (26 is a lucky number here.) The plastic walls are patterned in a many-coloured royal design and a-top the dome, like the nipple of some mighty iridescent balloon, stands a larger-than-life-size model of St. Kwame, in solid gold.

The Emperor is a fine figure of a man, dignified and vigorous. He spoke with real warmth of his wish for friendship with the Atlantic Community. "We want no truck with China," he said in his excellent American. (Michigan Tech., class of '69). "Them boys is real mean. That Hi Fi may call himself an Emperor but he don't behave like one. He had his agents right here in Wangara, nosing into my backyard. Well, I fixed them."

This was his oblique way of referring to the great Kankan scandal, of which readers will recall the outline. To celebrate the tenth anniversary of the All-African Peoples' Union, a get-together among those predominantly Negro states, from Guinea to Gabon, formerly part of the French and British empires, Swedish tenders were accepted for a 200-million-dollar space-rocket project at Kankan. But Bassi's under-cover foes put about the rumour that

his loyal cohorts of the Peoples' United Party had diverted the Peanut Stabilization Fund to bribe the Swedish company and line their own pockets.

When China brought an accusation before the U.N. Human Rights Commission, Bassi counter-charged the Emperor Hi Fi with forming colonialist, reactionary, underground cells within his country aimed at overthrowing his democratic government. Several hundred citizens arrested in and around Wangara disappeared. Unfortunately their number included, doubtless by mistake, the Egyptian envoy and a Canadian plutonium expert acting as consultant to Bassi's government.

Of course the fat was in the international fire and I will not weary the reader with a play-by-play account of the crisis, or series of crises, that followed. When the smoke had cleared the British Foreign Secretary had resigned, our own President had been forced to abandon a golfing holiday at Tampa, Florida, the Chinese Republic had mopped up five more islands in the Pacific, the Swedes had lost their contract to the Japanese, the Baganda had dropped leaflets on the Congo Libéré insisting on the divinity of the Kabaka, India had occupied Zanzibar, and President Bekker of the Afrikaner Union, pointing out the dangers of a multi-racial currency, had introduced beads as legal tender in Bantustan. Also Bassi's neighbours and deadly enemies, the Muslim African League, were said

to have seized a tannery in A-APU territory, but this was emphatically denied in Wangara; and in Bambuk, the Muslim capital, the Public Relations Office was closed until the end of Ramadan.

After twelve years of office Emperor Bassi's prestige, and the grip of his well-heeled Peoples' United Party, stands higher than ever. A story that he is a reincarnation of a god who stole thunder from heaven and created oceans in a most impolite manner, probably started by his personal soothsayer the Minister for Public Enlightenment, is kept alive by frequent television references and was the subject of a solemn discussion recently between professors of history, religion and genetics from three of the State universities. They conceded some kind of spiritual, if not physical, descent.

St. Kwame is worshipped everywhere; I came across shrines to the patron saint in places as diverse as the Vegetable Fat Research Institute, where white-coated scientists make their obeisance as they enter the labs, and at Makrisi, the West Point of the A-APU, where 'prentice pilots dip their wings over a huge statue of the Saint which also does duty as a radio beacon.

The Emperor kindly lent me his private aircraft and his Finance Minister, an Israeli citizen called Ben Stumer, as guide. We visited an awful lot of schools, for every child (and, believe me, there are plenty of them) has free schooling

from nursery age through college. The professional classes so far outnumber all others that labour recruitment for humbler tasks not yet fully mechanized is a major problem. Most of it comes from the Muslim League, but an experiment of flying in Italian and Japanese girls on short-term contracts is to be extended. "The money?" Mr. Stumer said. "For each completed month each gal gets a free lottery ticket which may bring her in 100,000 bucks, and if she completes a year she gets a free course at one of our universities. Cute, eh?"

I visited the Museum of Colonialism where such curiosities are preserved as a solar topee, Governor's plumes, paraffin lamps, a working model of a District Commissioner and a Chamber of Horrors full of chains, whips, models of families being burnt alive, and tax receipt forms. The Curator has thought up a cunning gimmick to attract the kids: for a dime they can shoot at a life-sized model of a uniformed colonialist with his foot on the neck of an African. A miss results in a rude remark issuing from the figure, but if a kid scores a bull's-eye the African rises and knocks the white man endways, and the marksman gets a bag of candies

and a free membership card in the Peoples' United Party's Youth League.

"Kids everywhere like to let off steam," the Curator said. "This gives them an outlet and wins a lot of recruits for the P.U.P. as well. I got a Black Star of Freedom, third class, for my idea."

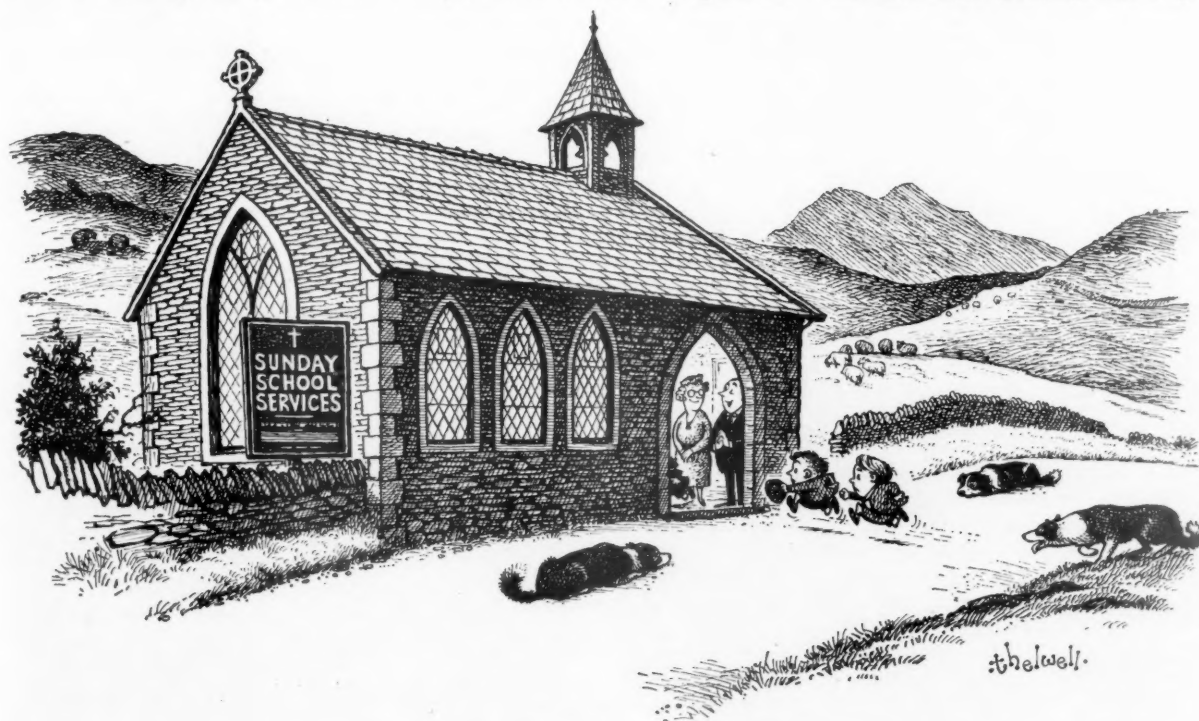
With the opening of the new Tubman wing Lamberéné hospital now claims to be the largest and best-equipped in Africa. And a leopard killed near Ouagadougou, probably the last wild survivor of the species, was said to have turned into a woman with three breasts, four buttocks and twenty-six orifices, and to have taken up her abode in an abandoned nuclear power station, where she has gone into business as an oracle. Outside the barbed-wire fence ringing the gaunt buildings I saw an array of offerings: fruit, eggs, chickens and women's jewellery.

The whole Union was working up towards an election, the third since Bassi's reign began. For the first two, actual individuals were put up to oppose P.U.P. and allowed to speak from platforms. Owing to an economy drive, live opposition candidates have been dispensed with and electors are simply invited to vote for or against the

local P.U.P. man; a simplification which does not in the least dim the brilliance of the occasion. For a week everyone goes to town with feasting, dancing, cheering, drinking and general junketing. Rallies of schoolchildren are a special feature and Bassi lays on all the glamour he can with his magnificently uniformed military and police forces. Mr. Stumer plans to make elections an annual event and combine them with a Trade Fair.

In Wangara, Youth Brigades paraded the Emperor's portrait, magnified twenty-six times, at the head of innumerable processions. Goodwill messages were read from all over the globe—even from Hi Fi, although his was booed. A very formal message from the Caliph of the Muslim African Republic was received in cold silence. The Emperor of Ethiopia sent a herd of oxen by air to be roasted whole, and Buganda a rocket-load of bananas.

Yet all the junketing and brouhaha are but a façade to conceal the big question-mark embracing this ebullient, explosive, forward-marching yet sometimes backward-looking continent—will a spark from the land of old Nile set the whole world ablaze? Africa to-day has three major groupings: the Negro



"I think that completes our little flock."

west coast bloc, sketchily united under Bassi's forceful personality; the more stable, sober, but internally divided Muslim bloc, stretching from the Mediterranean to the Niger, where the dogmas of an old religion uneasily bind a mixture of races who seek unity in dreams of conquest over people they traditionally despise; and the Afrikaner bloc running from the Cape to the Zambezi. In addition there are many smaller States and groupings such as the Nile Valley Republic; Morocco; the ancient, in the main unchanging kingdoms of Ethiopia and Buganda; the struggling Sofala Federation formed from the break-up of the Rhodesias and enriched by the mineral wealth of what was once Tanganyika; that strange mixture of camel-culture and oil-derricks called Somalia; the small Indian Protectorate of Azania on the East African littoral. A melting-pot of races busting out all over in new nations, a power-house crackling with high tensions, Africa is like a fused bomb. The question is, who will throw the switch? The Emperor Bassi, Caliph Musa, President Bekker, the head of the restive and disorganized Sofala

Federation—or will it be, as many think, a flick of Hi Fi's finger in distant Peking? Will Africa be the next continent to succumb to the harsh imperialism of the communist east?

In Bambuk I experienced a sense of the timelessness of Africa which has been lost in the bustling new capitals with their nuclear power, their technical pride and westernized amusements. Amid those flat-roofed, white, battle-mented houses, under a pulverizing sun, among turbaned men of dignity riding way back on the haunches of their little donkeys, their women swathed in robes of indigo, you are back in the immemorial past which even jetcraft buzzing overhead like meat-flies cannot disturb. Even the sight of big red tractors scurrying across the vast, dusty plains where women once bent with hoes—controlled, incongruously, by turbaned wazirs at radio remote-control posts—cannot puncture the sense of continuity. And yet, in the old red sandstone Palace, the Caliph was talking by radiolink about a loan to the Finance Minister of Germany, and watching on the screen a mass rally in Peking.

The Caliph is one of the most impressive men I met in Africa—dignified, courteous, shrewd and resolute. He has a pilot's licence, an engineering degree and a Persian poetess for a wife. Genuinely believing, I think, that he has been sent by Allah to spread the one true faith, he is closely connected with the project to include a party of Muslim *imams* in the first space-colonists to be dispatched to Venus or Mars.

But at the moment his thoughts are nearer home. "We cannot any longer tolerate the economic strangulation and constant political pinpricks to which we are subjected by our neighbours," he told me. "We are a proud people, but also reasonable. If Bassi will negotiate, everything can be settled peaceably. If not . . ." He shrugged his shoulders, but his eye gleamed. The Muslim League have no nuclear weapons of their own; but was the Caliph's chat with the German Minister merely about loans? As for Bassi, with China for an ally he could lick the League in three days. But then Hi Fi would have sunk his talons deep into Africa.

As a peaceable guy who likes his game of snooker and his glass of beer, I am happy to report that Africa still has a few picturesque backwaters. Alone among the European Powers who scrambled for Africa a century ago little Portugal still retains a fingerhold. The Portuguese were smart enough to do a deal with Sofala, and with Mme. Sousou of the Congo Libéré, by which, in return for surrendering all of Angola and most of Mozambique, they secured rights, guaranteed by the African Continental Congress, to the sovereignty of the ports of Mozambique and Beira. Like Switzerland, this foreign *enclave* is found useful by the big boys as a banking centre, a holiday resort and a place of refuge for politicians out of favour with the rulers of the day.

Relaxing over an *apéritif* in an aerial café suspended above the blue ocean of this fabulous 100-million-dollar resort I watched holiday-makers of all races disport themselves on the packed beaches in a good-natured amity that could be a model for the whole continent. Maybe that's what has kept Portugal in Africa for five hundred years when every other Western Power has scrambled: not good intentions, nor



IONIDES

Other contributors to this series will be:

WILLIAM CLARK
DESMOND DONNELLY
LUDOVIC KENNEDY
JOHN MIDGLEY
SUSAN STRANGE

efficiency, nor money, nor high ideals, but just an easy-going lack of racial arrogance. My apéritif companion said "Now we're on our own we can enjoy a bit of graft without being lectured about corruption, fix our families in jobs without a lot of blather about merit, consult our oracles (just as you do with your newspaper star-gazers) without being told we're savages, and throw a party without missionaries trying to turn it into a funeral. And if we're short of money we can always get a loan from America to stop us getting one from Russia, or from Russia to stop us getting one from China, or from China to stop us getting one from Germany, or from Germany just to show the world how much cash she has to throw around. It's easy, believe me."

"But you're not free," I pointed out. "You're still part of Portugal." "What's the difference?" asked my companion, who's part-Portuguese, part-Indian, part-Bantu and part-Somali, a real modern African. "What say we take a dip?" Radio Kwame was blaring about the Chinese threat to Mogadishu as we shed our wraps, and reporting rumours of a Chinese rocket landing on the Plutonium Belt as we entered the sea. But the ocean was warm and soft as midsummer honey, and as for my companion, she swam like a seal. The rust-red sails of fishing boats were all about us, coconut palms leant over the water and from the salt waves we gazed backwards upon a coast that has always absorbed, charmed and disarmed its conquerors.

☆

Epitaph

SHAGGY Sheila, pride and pet
Of the Cheapnik Chelsea set,
Goes to bed beneath this stone
Early, sober and alone. — R. A. U.



My Hopes Under the New Government

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

Commerce and Industry

WHAT is wanted is continuing lines in haberdashery. To find a shirt with long enough sleeves means a weary round of the shops; once found, it is frustrating to be informed, on returning for further supplies, that they are no longer being made. I do not care, personally, to flaunt my Adam's apple either. Yet under previous Governments the high shirt collar has repeatedly given way to the Elvis Presley line. The same goes, *mutatis mutandis*, for socks. May I also look for a ban on all-felt braces, deceptively gay in design, but tending to uproot back buttons and extrude related fibres?

Housing

For the most part the modern house stands up well, but official steps should be taken to improve interior fittings. Door-handles designed to pass up the sleeve of the tray-bearing householder or to become enmeshed in loose-weave woollies must go. May we see the end of the plastic bath-plug? Old-style rubber plugs perished in time, it is true, but at least they weren't washed out of the plug-hole on the lightest impact of

tapwater. If, under the new Government, I still find that my bath water, thought to be accumulating to a suitable level, has in fact spent the last five minutes coursing into the main drain, I may not vote for *anyone* next time.

Transport

What is being done about (a) London taxi windows, and (b) the costume of the British Railwaywoman? No reasonable voter, I think, would object to cab-fares going up if only cab-windows would. If nothing can be done by the scientists, then at least a scale of compensation for sprained wrists, split fingernails, etc., should be arranged. As to (b), a sense of inherent gallantry towards femininity is a valued part of our national heritage. Can this continue to stand up to the twice-daily spectacle (to consider London's season-ticket-holding millions alone) of railwaywomen's capacity-packed shirts billowing out of broad, blue, board-stiff trousers?

Entertainment

May bandleaders be forbidden to give me God's blessing after thanking me for viewing or listening? I am not sure

which Whitehall department could take the necessary action, but it is to be assumed that the new Premier will be in touch from time to time with the Archbishop of Canterbury: the cessation of this practice could surely be suggested to him, if only on trade union grounds.

Education

As a fee-paying parent I look for reduced demands in school clothing-lists. Eight undervests is clearly excessive for a child who has achieved a satisfactory degree of hygiene for fourteen years while never owning more than three at a time. Demands should be justified. It is easy enough for head-

masters, matrons, and so forth, to add casually "1 bicycle," "waterproof cape and trousers," "16 white shirts," etc. Under the impending administration parents should not have to write asking why. The educational system should further be overhauled so that reports condemning pupils' handwriting should be legible at a glance, without all that bewildered handing from parent to parent under a strong light.

Health

How many millions are on the verge of being added to the N.H.S. estimates is not of course known. May some of them be spent on improved labelling,

with particular regard to a statement of a medicine's *purpose*? We are told, under present arrangements, what the stuff is, the name of the patient, and when he is to take it—but no mention of what it's for. Selecting by guess from a crowded bathroom shelf could lead to a serious deterioration of the nation's health.

The Press

Greater account should be taken of the public's emotional vulnerability, particularly in regard to reports on high finance. Individual morale cannot help but suffer on reading that a company director's wife has had to draw out her last £55,000: such details should be suppressed, especially towards the end of a long month.

Packaging

Is there any likelihood that this growing industry may be officially stunted? There seems no reason why, under an enlightened administration, it should not be possible to reach the contents of a box of cocktail biscuits in under ten minutes. Excessive instructions to the consumer should also be done away with, especially in the cringing form adopted by cigarette manufacturers: when the only way to get at the cigarettes is to remove a piece of tin-foil, it is a dangerous irritant to have the words "Please Remove" printed on it. Similarly, irrelevant small type on all tins and bottles could profitably go. Consumers of night-time beverages only want to know how many teaspoonfuls to a cup, and whether sugar need be added. Five hundred words of eye-crossing print beginning "This preparation is the product of ten years' research by a team of highly-skilled dieticians, physicians, rhetoricians, etc . . ." can only hasten the stomach condition which is already rushing at us all head-on and will get us well before next polling-day unless official action is taken.

Weather

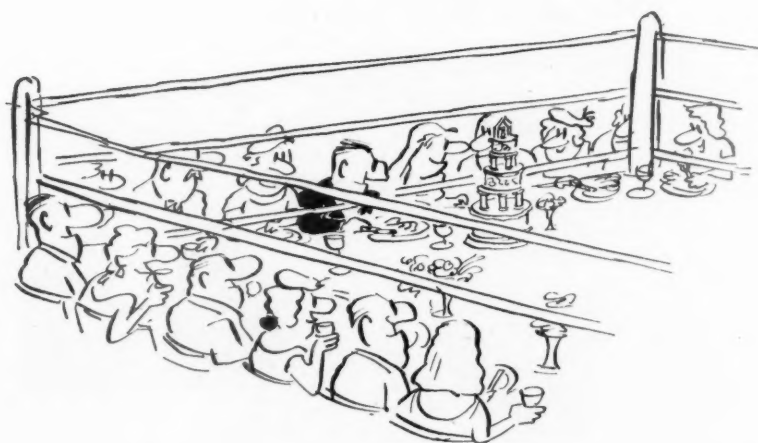
I hope that the new Government will remember that the nation's farmers form only a small proportion of the population as a whole. My vote, in five years' time, is going to the party giving consideration to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and guaranteeing future summers on the lines of this one.



"By the way, how about handing over your House of Commons car badge?"



**Boxer's
Wedding**
by
Larry



Some Election Forecasts



"All the world over, I will back the masses against the classes. Socialist majority of 21."



"England does not love coalitions. Damn your principles and stick to your party. Tory majority of 183."



"What is our task? To make Britain a fit country for heroes to live in. Labour in by 47."



"I have here a piece of paper ..."

Pasta? Basta!

By PAUL DEHN

GRAZIE, cameriere! That means "Thank you, waiter!" in Italian, Simon.

No, old chap. Not that way. Look, let Uncle show you. If little Italian boys can eat spaghetti tidily at the age of six, so can little English ones. Now. Hold your fork in your *right* hand and plunge it vertically into the spaghetti, no, Simon, I said *vert*—Cameriere! *Dell'acqua calda, per favore, subito!* That's Italian for "Some hot water, please, quickly."

Grazie, cameriere.

There. That ought to dry out. You'd better tuck your napkin down your collar and put mine over your trousers. Now. Shall we have another go? Plun—I mean put your fork upright into the spaghetti. Good. Now twirl the fork round so that—no, slowly, Simon, *slowly*, not like an egg-whisk. Oh, good grief. *Scusi, Signora. Sì. No. No. Sì. Cameriere! Dell'acqua calda per la signora alla next table e per me un nuovo napkin.*

Grazie, cameriere.

Now don't get discouraged, old chap. Just hang on to your fork. I said hang on—oh, Simon. No. Just leave it lying there among the spaghetti. Dammit, Simon, I said *don't* pick it up or you'll get tomato all over your **CAMERIERE!** *Un finger-bowl, subito.*

Grazie, cameriere.

Now there's nothing to cry about, Simon. It's only a plate of spaghetti and we're going to get it licked, ha, ha, ha.

Better now? Splendid. Just one

more go. And please try to listen. Put the fork upright in the spaghetti. Good. Twirl the fork *slowly*, so that you can *collect* the spaghetti *round* it. Very good. Right, you can stop twirling now. Simon, I said **STOP** twirling you've collected half a plateful. No, don't *untwirl* or you'll lose the lot, just leave it as it is. Whew.

Now. *Raise* your fork—**SLOWLY**, Simon—till you've lifted the spaghetti on your fork clear of the spaghetti on the plate. Go on, lift it. Higher. Higher, Simon. Dammit, if little Italian boys of six can reach, so can little English—all right, stand if you want to. Higher. High—**SIMON GET OFF THAT CHAIR OR I'LL BELT THE LIVING—Cameriere! Ancora dell'acqua calda, per favore, ed un table-cloth ed un bandage ed un po d'iodine . . .**

Simon, what the hell are you laughing at? Oh. I see. Well, it may interest you to know that "po" is the Italian for "little."

How about packing it in, old chap, and having something simple like—like soup? Certainly not. In a *plate*. No? One last, final bash at the spaghetti? That's the spirit. Here we go then.

Put your fork upright in what's left on the plate. Good. Twirl slowly. Good. Lift it clear. *Very* good. I say, this is exciting, isn't it? Now put the fork in your mouth and don't bother about the bits hanging out—just suck. Suck, Simon. I beg your pardon? Look, I shouldn't bother to try to speak, old chap, it's almost impossible to under—Ah. Well, swallow what's actually in your mouth and *then* suck.

Suck, Simon. And again. And again. Six inches. Five inches. Four, three, two, one—**BRAVO!** You've done it, old chap. Congratulations. Your uncle's proud of you. Like it? Mm. Well, it's bound to be a bit cold and greasy, isn't it, after all the time we took. The thing is to eat it quickly while it's still piping hot but that takes a bit of—Simon, are you all right? Have a drink of water, no don't have a drink of water, try putting your head between your legs. No, Simon, between *your* legs. Grab a napkin. No, not *that* napkin—it's full of *Cameriere! Subitissimo! Un basin.*



Hollowood

"My lips are sealed."



"Couldn't we offer them their independence—within the Commonwealth, of course?"

The Consumer Test

By PATRICK RYAN

ONE of the things I have never been is an orthodox carpenter. Improvisation, not craftsmanship, is my *forte*. Given the correct tools and standard materials I will produce you nothing but a load of sawdust, odd lengths of ugly wood and the skin off four of my fingers. But if you want someone, armed only with a coke-hammer and a cut-throat razor, to make a wheel-barrow out of a gramophone cabinet, a broom-handle and a broken lawn-mower, then I'm your boy.

At school I attended carpentry lessons until Mr. Gland, the woodwork master, threw in his hand. In the first term he set us all to make a book-trough. Two and a half years later, when the rest of

the class had graduated to boats and wardrobes and coffee-tables, I was still making my book-trough.

For the last examination I wedged and glued my ancient timbers together and presented them to Mr. Gland.

"Did you make this?"

I believe he thought there was a chance it was archæological.

"Yes," I said proudly.

"Dear God!" he said piously, and hit me with it. He hit me on top of the head with my own book-trough. It broke in pieces and fell about my shoulders.

Until this dog-box came into our lives my family had as little faith in my woodwork as Mr. Gland.

On her ninth birthday my daughter was due to collect a dachshund puppy and it needed somewhere to sleep in our congested kitchen. I toured the city for an oblong dog-bed to fit into the space under the dresser but couldn't find one narrow enough. So there was nothing for it but to make one to measure.

I read up dog-box specifications at the library and fashioned one from bits of an old sideboard, a mantelpiece and an umbrella stand. Most of the wood was an inch or so thick and I had to use three-inch nails to hold it together. I had four iron brackets off a mangle and I fixed these at strategic points of the structure. After that book-trough disaster I wasn't taking any chances.



"We pass the library, don't we?"

The finished job may not have been the prettiest dog-box but, by God, it was the strongest. Midgets could have played Beau Geste in that fortress.

I exhibited it on the kitchen table.

"God save us all!" said my wife. "What is it?"

"It's a dog-box."

"It looks more like a coffin with the lid off. No dog will ever chance his lot in there. He'd be afraid you'd whip him straight under the sod."

"The design of that box is approved by all the leading dog-box architects."

My daughter poked the box. It rocked like Noddy and rumbled like Niagara.

"My dog won't be able to sleep in that. He'll be scared of falling out in the middle of the night and breaking all his legs."

"He'll think we live over an earthquake," shoved in her mother. "And who'd dare close their eyes in that nocturnal switchback?"

"If we filled it with earth and daffodils it would make a smashing window-box."

"And those great iron straps! Put a keel on it and we could all go to sea."

"If it were taller it could be a rocking-chair..."

I put the dog-box under the dresser, fitting an old black kitbag as a mattress. This gave the production a final touch of the mortuary, and I became scared of it myself.

I withdrew to the garage, leaving them still jeering at my woodwork. The only difference between those two and Mr. Gland was that they didn't hit me with that dog-box. If they had I'd have been killed outright.

As we drove out next day to collect the dachshund they went on flogging their dog-box routine. Coming back, however, all their time was taken up in trying to console the foot-and-a-half of black-and-tan misery crouching on the back seat. The puppy had never been away from his mother before. Cars frightened him, people bewildered him, buildings scared him and the skelter of traffic terrified him. He shivered and whined all the way home, nose buried between paws, sad dark eyes flicking

this way and that, searching for something familiar from his small-dog world.

We offered him a bowl of milk in the kitchen but he just stood hopelessly before it, trembling at all the threatening shapes about him. He peered fearfully around for something he could understand, something he could remember... at the sink... the gas-stove... the washing-machine... the dresser... Somewhere inside him an atavism stirred, a primeval instinct was touched... at last he had found security... He barked for the first time, wagged his tail, padded across the lino... and leapt into my dog-box!

The puppy wriggled around in his oak mausoleum. It drummed like a train and rolled like a wave of the sea. He seemed to enjoy the motion, barked again happily, settled comfortably into the funeral mattress and went to sleep.

I drew myself up to my full height.

"The dog," I said with quiet dignity, "knows a dog-box when he sees one. It is what we dog-box designers call the ultimate or consumer test."

I gave those two females one of my long slow looks and left them, shame-faced and routed, hand-in-hand by their washing-machine.

Fairly Modest Rhapsody in a Railway Buffet

"... the most exciting of the recent additions are the special buffets where snacks on a grander scale are served in moderately exotic surroundings..."—British Railways leaflet describing catering services

PAUSE, Pilgrim: strange enchantments lie in store...

Secluded from the sordid world of trains
Behind this glazed and label-sprinkled door
A moderate exoticism reigns.

Outside are noise and bustle, steam and dust:
A thousand petty grievances disturb.
Here waitresses of fairly ample bust
Serve cold collations, modestly superb.

Somewhat voluptuous fragrances attack,
Nay, overwhelm the pleasure-laden sense.
Here may the hedonist enjoy a snack
Of more than average magnificence...

Alas! despite the overtones of sin,
The veiled suggestion of debauchery,
This Pilgrim still devours his sandwich in
His fairly usual state of apathy.

— KEITH STYLES

FROM CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS

TO CANDIDATE FOR.....

In the unlikely event of your being unsuccessful at the poll, the Lord Mayor will raise the Winner's hand, and will later invite you to speak. If you will complete this form according to the dictates of your conscience, you will have a useful guide to assist you in your speech of explanation.

My dear poor misguided friends,
Well, it has been a hard fight and a clean dirty one. The fact that victory has gone to the wrong right side does not reflects reflect upon the noble half-hearted support you have given me, and the wild utter enthusiasm gormlessness you have shown throughout the campaign. I thank loathe and despise you, one and all most heartily. There are, as we well know, several reasons excuses for our failure by such a wide narrow margin. We are all aware that if it had not been for the fact that

(a) my worthy opponent had it spread about that I was a drug addict/dog hater,

- (b) the political causes I championed were based on such pathetically threadbare claptrap,
- (c) the threat of giant hail-stones/imminent invasion from Mars deliberately invented by my opponents prevented elderly people/gullible nit-wits from coming in their thousands/on their push-bikes to come and vote for me,
- (d) I happened to fall asleep on the platform during question time at my penultimate meeting.
- (e) nobody told me in time that our side is not in favour of immediate all-out nuclear-war,
- (f) the vote was maliciously split by the Socialists/Liberals/Tories,
- (g) the money I dropped in the right quarters somehow got into the wrong hands,
- (h) I was made to look ridiculous by the infantile speeches of the leaders of my own party, there might have been a very different story to tell today.

It only remains now for me to wish my successful rival all the luck he a dog's life at deserves. I know that he will look sell Westminster. after your interests to the best of you down the river his considerable puny ability, and if ever he needs any help from me in his difficult job he can rely on me. go jump in the lake. Finally, my friends, it is my fervent hope that you may all enjoy peace and roast in prosperity for many years to come. hell

Thank you.

— ALEX ATKINSON

(Select whichever seems appropriate, and amend as necessary.)





Dainty Snacks for the 8th

DON'T you think it would be fun to take lunch with you when you go to record your vote, and make a day of it? You can have such a good time thinking up special goodies for the occasion.

Here are three recipes for Polling Day.

voters will want the secret of this decorative and indigestible tart.

Grimondburgers

For each helping take a liberal portion of rump steak and chop up finely with angelica, anise, balm, borage, cheivil, coriander, dill, fennel, horehound, basil, ludovic, robin, rue, sage, pot marjoram, sweet cicely and lady violet. Shape into things, and grill till deep brown, and serve on toasted Bath buns.

From the Editor's Postbag

NATURALLY you are in a state of great tiz with the Eighth so near, but let us all try to keep our essential femininity during this brief invasion of what is really, after all, a Man's World. I should hate to hear of any of our readers chained to the railings of "No. 10," and there is nothing like forcible feeding to cause those nasty complexion blemishes, is there?

Talking of food, if you *have* to vote in your lunch hour try to keep up the protein and vitamin intake nevertheless. A hard-boiled egg in each pocket of the new autumn coats hardly spoils the line at all. If you prefer something a teeny bit more ambitious, try one of Felicity Clapper's toothsome hints in the next column.

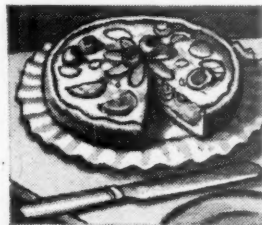
Of course, I would not dream of trying to influence your vote. For me you are readers first and voters afterwards. But I might mention one or two straws in the wind. For instance, Mr. Macmillan is threatening to move another million people out of the slums by 1965, and if you are a slum-dweller and like it I expect you will plump for your Socialist candidate. But then again, it is all very difficult, because Mr. Gaitskell means to extend the Colombo Plan to Africa and the Caribbean. Do we girls want that, I wonder? On the other hand, he *has* promised a free chiropody service for old people, and if you have a well-loved Gran with bad feet I suppose this could just turn the scale.

No, I simply *won't* advise you. You'll find some little thing that will make up your mind for you, never fear. And anyway, I shall be perfectly content if you are a credit on the Day to British womanhood and our Fashion and Beauty Counsellor, Margaretha Bunt (page 61 this week). Let us pray together for a nice dry Thursday, and no home perms ruined, eh?

THE EDITOR

Open Tory Tart

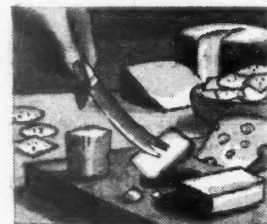
This is a delicious picnic dish which will add greatly to the prestige of the right wing when the neighbours see you tucking into it among the booths. Fill an open flan case with a layer of caviar, a layer of pâté de foie gras and a layer of creamed turkey breasts, and cook gently under the grill until firm. Then on top of this spread a generous portion of



Devonshire cream to which you have added a few drops of methylene blue. This gives the final Conservative note, and you will find that many floating

Fromage Morgan Phillips

This is a quite simple dish which you will be able to prepare very quickly and inexpensively. From a pound of



Cheddar cheese, or Cheshire will do, cut off rectangular sections weighing about two ounces. Add to these small pats of butter and thick slices of white bread, and serve cold. To get the best out of this fine old traditional recipe, the butter should first be spread on the bread and small pieces of cheese added as required.

FELICITY CLAPPER

Your Delightful Letters

WHY cannot we have some actors or vocalists putting up for the Parliament? All the girls here say they would support Rock Hudson or Dickie Valentine, but how do we know what these politicians are going to do for us? They are all old men of forty, anyway.

MABEL RICKETS AND THE GIRLS,
LIGHT ASSEMBLY SHED,
WAINWRIGHT & LEMON,
BARKING.

My boy friend took me along to a political meeting near here and a man called out from the audience "How many toes has a pig got?" The M.P. on the platform replied, "Take your boot off and look." Is this the sort of talk we can expect in the Houses of Commons, when the new Government, whatever it is, is in? My boy friend laughed, but I think it is disgusting.

MARY BLOATER (16), BOSTON, Lincs.

A canvasser came to our house last week when Mum and Dad were having a row, and stood there smirking for minutes at the front door waiting to put his spoke in. How can they call it a free country if this sort of thing is permitted? I read *Voter's Weekly* regularly, although it is actually Mum that buys it. When are you going to start reviewing L.P.s?

BRIAN DIGWELL, BRIGHTON, 7.

Of course we have had lots of arguments in our family about who to vote for to-morrow, and couldn't decide. Then, last night our dog Ginger, who is a puppy and very playful, got hold of a newspaper with portraits of Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Macmillan and started ripping it up. He tore Mr. Gaitskell in shreds, but didn't touch "Mac" at all. Need I say that this made up all our minds for us!

(MRS.) LUCILLE WEBBER, S.E.17.

Question Time

Percival Crumb, M.P. for Devizes—1911-1912, answers your Election Queries.

I am a Conservative candidate, aged 52. I have a boy friend, aged 60, who is also a Conservative, but I do so want all the Liberals to vote for me. Would it be disloyal to my Conservative friend if I were to ask them?

Try to arrange some sort of group outing with all the Liberals. Your Conservative friend could not object so long as you saw all the Liberals together, and it would be much nicer—would it not?—if all the Liberals voted for you rather than if they just voted one by one.

Mr. Aneurin Bevan says that if he had not got the H-bomb he would have to go naked into the Council Chamber. I do not like the H-bomb, but I do not think that going naked into the Chamber would be proper. What should I do?

Perhaps it would be best not to look. *Nuda est veritas et praevaleret.*

I am in favour of the nationalization of road transport but against the nationalization of steel. Do you think that I ought to tell my Socialist candidate? Or would it be all right just to abstain?

It would be quite all right just to abstain, but, if you like, you can of course always go to the polling booth and write "Rats to you" on the voting paper. Some girls I know do this.

I am just eighteen and Mr. Gerald Gardiner says that, since I can be hanged, I ought to be allowed to vote. I would much rather neither be hanged nor vote. Could not that be arranged?

I'm afraid not.

Do you think that a Socialist candidate ought to use lipstick at the declaration of the poll? I do so want to look my best at a time like that.

You will create the best impression if you look fresh and natural. Take your lipstick along with you to the count, but do not actually use it until you have asked the Returning Officer first. He will tell you what it is best to do. That is what he is for. In the event of defeat use a little brush to remove powder from eyebrows and lashes. Victorious girls usually put on just a little rouge.

A GUINEA FOR BRIGHT IDEAS

This week's £1 1s. goes to Mrs. Rosemary Throat, 33 Viscount Lascelles Buildings, E.16. Do not throw away the election addresses which you have received, but use them in one of these three easy ways:

1. Lay inside the front door, where they will protect your hall floor from canvassers' dirty boots.
2. Utilize as grease-proof paper to place over chicken or other suitable bird when cooking.
3. Cut out appropriate words and paste neatly on card, to use as notices to tradesmen. All addresses, e.g., will include such words as "NO," "BREAD" and "TO-DAY."

DO YOU KNOW?

1. The new Parliament will be opened by
 - (a) Richard Dimbleby
 - (b) The Duke of Bedford
 - (c) Lady Lewisham
2. Where are the Chiltern Hundreds?
3. A suffragette is
 - (a) A sort of bishop's wife
 - (b) A heavy undergarment worn in Victorian times
 - (c) A thing for putting out candles
4. You've heard of Gladstone bags. Did Disraeli have any?

(Answers next week, as if you cared)

Love at the Poll

Our Complete Topical Romance

Charles thought that love and politics were separate worlds . . . until Bettina showed him how alike they were . . .



ALREADY the beginnings of a queue had formed outside the Arnold Ferguson Memorial Hall (to-day the polling station for Little Binlock and District), and Charles wondered how many of its members suspected that he was an election official. He hoped he looked the part. When the authorities had approached him asking if he would "do his bit" on the 8th he had hardly dared to hope that he would be the right-hand man of Mr. Jelliman, senior polling-clerk.

At that moment Mr. Jelliman bustled up with the key, and they entered the hall. Charles was not a dancer. He was far too serious-minded a young man for such things. But he knew that it was in the Ferguson Hall that the local balls were held, and he had sufficient imagination to ponder on the contrast between those noisy, irresponsible affairs and the serious events afoot to-day. He was arranging the legs of his trestle table gravely when a light, laughing voice said "Bettina Clobbs."

He looked up to see the bluest pair of eyes he had ever encountered. She was not a girl

exactly (or she would have been too young to enjoy the franchise)—a beautiful young woman, yet with a girlishness mysteriously about her, as if life were great fun and she did not mean to miss a tithe of it. "You're supposed to tick me off," she said.

"I beg your pardon? Oh, I see!" Charles felt himself blushing as he fumbled awkwardly with his papers, and ran his newly-sharpened pencil down the electoral lists.

"If you will kindly pass behind the canvas screen," he said politely, "you will find ballot-papers and pencils. Please inform me if there is anything further you require."

"I have my own pencil," returned the girl-woman, bluely twinkling, and vanished in a frou-frou of synthetic pleated fabric into the booth. Charles was still following her with his eyes when her small, heart-shaped face reappeared through the canvas.

"Could you help me, please?" she said, and beckoned him with a slender, pink-tipped finger. "I know it's absurd, but I can't remember for whom I decided to vote!"

With a glance at Mr. Jelliman, Charles rose to his feet and made his way over

(Continued on page 900)



"What's more, I'm staying apathetic!"

Platform without Planks

EASILY the most stimulating piece of election literature that has come my way is that published by the London Anarchist Group; venom and gusto are its weapons and anything on the horizon its target.

Being more used to laughing at Anarchists than with them, I called at the bookshop in 27 Red Lion Street, just north of Holborn, from which the group is run. Half its stock-in-trade is glossy paper-backs retelling the stories of recent films; the other half is earnest, political and looks rather less browsed-through. The shop is run by a charming, slight, ginger-bearded man who, before I had finished my first inquiry, invited me to a mass rally in Hyde Park.

When I told him why I had come he became apologetic.

"It's very easy for us," he said. "I mean we don't support *any* form of government, so we can attack almost everything. People are always asking me 'What do you support?' but it isn't as easy as that. We don't support anything on principle, but some of us are more absolute than others. There's a lot of shades of opinion; you can be an Anarchist without being a Syndicalist and you can be a Syndicalist without being an Anarchist. At least I think you can. Why, there are even some of us who believe in *banking*."

"As a matter of fact we thought of putting up a candidate. We've got a

chap who makes lovely spoof speeches. But it would have been too expensive.' Another suggestion was to put up a candidate with the same name and initials as the sitting member; but the only other Jeger in the Telephone Directory was an M.P. already.

I asked if people tended to laugh at him when he told them he was an Anarchist, as one does with Trotskyites.

"No. Mostly they edge away, thinking of bombs and things. But the English Anarchists have a long-standing connection with pacifism. Not like some of these continental chaps. And we don't like being compared with Trotskyites. Trotsky put down the Kronstadt revolt, and that was mainly an Anarchist do, you know. And a lot of people seem to think we're just a sort of communists, but we don't like the communists at all. They're really only a splinter group of Bolsheviks who exploited the revolution of 1917."

He looked depressed, and then cheered up.

"Do you know," he said, "that the government let all the Anarchists out of prison for Kropotkin's funeral? They attended the funeral and then went back to prison. Every one of them. That's Anarchists for you."

I left, feeling that I had heard a prouder boast than any of our more recognized parties can make, even if their platforms do have planks in them.

— PETER DICKINSON

HINTS FOR HECKLERS

III—THE LIBERAL MEETING

FIRST make sure that it is a Liberal meeting: Jo Grimond's boys are contesting only one in three of the six hundred and thirty constituencies, and the word Liberal tacked on to Conservative, National or Unionist doesn't really mean Liberal. When in doubt ask for a Bonham-Carter and look for the authentic, copyright smile of togetherness and belonging.

The heckling that follows consists of toothsome ejaculations and searching questions, and a judicious admixture is recommended.

If returned would you line up with the John Arlott splinter group or the Robin Day-ites?

Do you look back on the leadership of Clement Davies as the golden age of Liberalism?

Where's Lady Megan now?

Why didn't the Parliamentary Liberal Party condemn Suez as quickly and violently as the Liberal Press—the *Guardian*, the *Observer*, the *News Chronicle* and the *Neath Gazette*?

What did H. H. Asquith say?

Mr. Grimond has said that he hopes for eighteen supporters in the next parliament. If elected would you favour a Liberal Shadow Cabinet of seventeen or eighteen?

Please explain proportional representation.

How does your pensions policy differ from that of the Socialists?

Lloyd George knew my father: what about yours?

Please explain proportional representation again.

If you regard Lord Beveridge as the father of the Welfare State do you approve wholeheartedly of the London School of Economics?

You haven't said a word so far about Free Trade. Is this because imports of Japanese feather-dusters have put thousands of people out of work during the last year?

Both Winston Churchill and Harold Macmillan have been Liberals in their time. Would you welcome them back to the fold?

Please explain proportional representation once again.

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

Service with a Smile

By T. S. WATT

The humorous approach to the sale and rental of house property appears to be spreading, and I feel that before long it will have reached advertisers of the sort of mellowed old barn or converted hen-house to which I myself aspire. I am looking forward to this, I must confess. Who can tell what merry pranks we shall get up to?

"**P**ETITE, attractive bank manager's widow, now nursing nervous noble in Norfolk, must sell her perfectly horrible little Snowdonia cottage, Myfanwy Bach, Nant Mawr. Freehold, superb views, piercing draughts, no interior plumbing, gas-cylinder lighting, spring water a bare five minutes' scramble distant. Room for garage: ample supply of scree suitable for road-making overhangs the property. Two bedrooms, kitchen with oil-stove, unique games room (4ft. x 5ft.) re-decorated 1952. Hideous sitting-room faces east, featuring wealth of old damp stains. Rock garden with interesting possibilities but no hyphen. Might suit desperate author or schoolmaster. Sacrifice at £1200, but try any offer." (Advt.)

DEAR SIRs,—Arrogant, argumentative author, beastly brute to bargain with, domineering, derisive, designing, distrustful and dissolute, seeks solitude Snowdonia shambles. Meet Monday midnight Myfanwy mutual mutter.

Faithfully,

T. S. WATT

DEAR SIR,—My partner and I have enjoyed a hearty laugh with our senior representative, now in Bangor hospital suffering from shock, abrasions and exposure. He confesses that your sudden appearance in druidical robes during last night's thunderstorm took him a trifle aback—enough at any rate to precipitate him over the edge of Crib Fawr and into Idwal's Wash-tub—but that it was not long before he was relishing the humorous aspect of the affair, and that he was smiling broadly when the rescue team eventually contrived to get their boat-hook into his clothing shortly before sunrise. The glare of the lightning may have been sufficient to give you some idea of the repellent nature of the property, but we

feel that the full horror of this miniature House of Usher can only be appreciated by day, and suggest 12 noon next Saturday for a meeting with our junior representative.

Yours faithfully,

BLAKE & BLAKE

DEAR SIRs,—Summoned south Saturday settle sculptors' strike. Must make meeting Monday mid-day Myfanwy. Wrap representative Red Riding Hood rig ready recognition.

Faithfully,

T. S. WATT

DEAR SIR,—We have received your letter of the 7th inst., and both my partner and myself have enjoyed more than one quiet chuckle over your pleasantries.

We can assure you that no one but yourself and our representative is at all likely to wish to visit Myfanwy, but we have nevertheless instructed Mr. Booth to carry some object which will establish his identity beyond question. He has chosen a life-preserver.

Yours faithfully,

BLAKE & BLAKE

DEAR SIR,—We regret the inconvenience mentioned in your letter beginning, roughly, "balked, bothered and bewildered by Booth's blasted bungling," but must inform you that owing to a strange mischance which brought a wry smile to the lips of my partner and myself our representative was arrested when half-way up Ogwen's Staircase, following the delivery of an anonymous message to the local police station.

While we have always encouraged a reasonably lighthearted approach to this humdrum business of property transfer, we nevertheless feel that the time has come to urge you to initiate a serious attempt to view this cottage at your

very earliest convenience, and look forward eagerly to the speedy conclusion of the whole transaction.

Yours faithfully,

BLAKE & BLAKE

DEAR SIRs,—Shall see Snowdonia shambles Saturday, 7th Sept., 7 a.m. sharp. Book beds Bangor Beecham, Bardot, Bilko, Bevan. Booth bring bread butter beef barrel bitter beer.

Faithfully,

T. S. WATT

"Small freehold cottage for sale, Myfanwy Bach, Nant Mawr, Snowdonia. 'Away from it all.' Superb views. Sitting-room, two bedrooms and interesting miniature studio. Kitchen with cooker. Pleasant natural garden of character. Room for garage. £1200 or near offer." (Advt.)



"Clot! Why did you have to mention that bit about a capital gains tax?"



West Side Stories

The Man who Knows Spacemen

B. A. YOUNG reports on his visit to George Adamski, Earth's principal contact with the flying saucers

WHEN you pass the three-thousand-foot mark," we were told, "look out and you can't miss it"; and here we are with the three-thousand-foot mark behind us (above us actually, it is disappointing to record), and here it is, one of those half-cylindrical mailboxes with a metal flag on it, and the name **GEORGE ADAMSKI**.

Our directions have been given us by the two ladies who sell beer, postcards, candy-bars, etc., higher up Mount Palomar, near the six-thousand-foot mark. They are not fans of Mr. Adamski. Their mouths twitch with suppressed

laughter when you inquire for him, but they are extremely nice ladies and will not venture an opinion unless you open a discussion with them. The more talkative of the two tells me that she has only read Mr. Adamski's second book, the one in which he is taken for day-trips in Venusian and Saturnian flying saucers, but maintains that it is actually his first book. Though she lives within a few miles of where Mr. Adamski has photographed visitors from outer space she has never seen any. "I'd like to read science-fiction if I was a kid," she says, "but I wouldn't expect to believe it.

"He talks about 'the boys up there,'" she goes on, indicating the direction of the Mount Palomar Observatory still higher up the mountain. "It makes them furious. To compare him with a proper astronomer is like calling a high-school kid a newspaperman."

We turn off the road into Mr. Adamski's drive, and it seems as if we may be in for a disappointment, for a green estate agent's sign announces that the property is for sale. But no, when we come to the modest little house there is a group of people sitting outside it, and as soon as I have got out of the car I recognize Mr. Adamski, with his

feet up and his shirt off. My companions feel that they would be *de trop* accompanying me, so I leave them in the car and go on foot towards the house. On the bole of a tree to my right is a painted notice explaining that *Enemies are only friends who misunderstand you.*

"This is your poet friend, I guess," says a lady of Mr. Adamski's party, and they all turn round to look at me. I confess that I am no poet, and until that moment no friend of Mr. Adamski's, merely a humble *aficionado* of the flying saucer come to see its most famous publicist. "Sure, come on in," says Mr. Adamski, and motions me to a chair at his side.

He looks older than I had expected, the hair on his naked chest as grey as the luxuriant mat on his head. His dark eyes are unusually wide-set, giving him a look of simple candour, and on his lap he holds a tiny transistorized tape-recorder. We exchange a few formal courtesies, and suddenly I realize that all his guests are gone and I apologize for having broken up his party. They were going anyway, Mr. Adamski says.

"Tell me now," I begin with the immutable formula of the interviewer, "did you enjoy your European trip this spring?"

Mr. Adamski enjoyed it very much. He met a lot of important people, such as the Queen of the Netherlands and an officer from our Air Ministry. Did he meet any space-men? Sure. "Listen, I tell you somet'ing." (Mr. Adamski's voice still retains a faint echo of its Polish origins.)

One day Mr. Adamski was going on a railway journey, and had taken the precaution of reserving an entire compartment for himself. When he arrived at Liverpool Street station, in company with Mr. Desmond Leslie (with whom he collaborated in *Flying Saucers Have Landed*), he found that in his reserved compartment another man was sitting—an ordinary-looking man with a dark suit and a brief-case. Mr. Adamski, being a kind and courteous fellow, did not ask this stranger what the devil he was doing in a reserved compartment, but simply got in and sat opposite him, and the journey proceeded uneventfully, no conversation being exchanged.

As they drew near his destination Mr. Adamski began to worry how he

would recognize his station when he got there. (Many more-experienced travellers on British Railways will know how he felt.) The train drew into a dark platform, and the mystery man arose and picked up his case. "Your station," he said to Mr. Adamski as he got out, "is two stops from here."

And so it proved.

When Mr. Adamski returned to London he saw Mr. Desmond Leslie again. "Tell me," said Mr. Leslie, "that man in your compartment on the train . . . ?"

"A space-man," said Mr. Adamski.

"I thought he was," said Mr. Leslie.

"And I met other space-men in Edinburg," says Mr. Adamski now, "and you can meet them all over Europe, all over the world. Why not? They're no different from us—just a difference in educational background, naturally." And, I would like to add but do not, a more complete knowledge of British branch-lines.

When Mr. Adamski was in England earlier in the year he visited Mr. George King of the Aetherius Society, the Spiritual Mission of the Flying Saucers. At the time I thought it would be interesting to compare the accounts given by Mr. King and Mr. Adamski of life on other planets, so I spoke to Mr. King's secretary on the telephone and inquired how closely the two versions tallied. "Well . . ." she said. "You see, Mr. King's *been* there."

I report this conversation to Mr. Adamski and ask for his views on Mr. King and the Aetherius Society. With the only lapse from charity I observe in him throughout our meeting, he remarks "I guess King is a phony from way back." I take a quick look at the tape-recorder to see if this has been recorded, but it seems not to be running, which is as well, for Mr. Adamski tells me in the next moment that Mr. King is even then engaged on a lecture-tour of California, though it appears he has made no arrangements to visit Mount Palomar.

More seriously, Mr. Adamski goes on: "If space-men wanted to give us a message they'd come right down and give it, without any mediums or anything." (The space-men who give messages to the Aetherius Society record their words on tape, in English, in voices not unlike Mr. King's.)

Mr. Adamski has not read Jung's

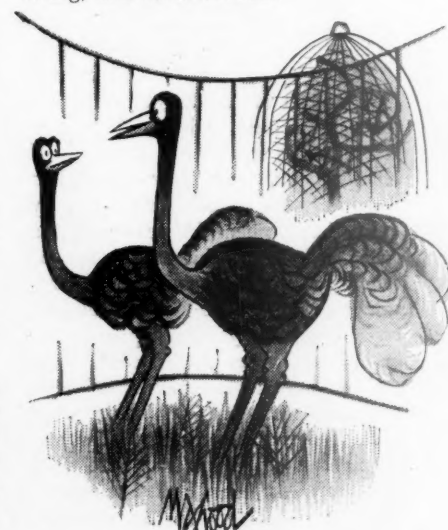
book on flying saucers, in which these phenomena are written down as psychological projections. "But I guess," he agrees, "that about eighty per cent of sightings are psychological, one way or another."

I do not wish to strain Mr. Adamski's patience, though it appears inexhaustible, so I rise to leave and he puts his tiny tape-recorder on the table beside him and shakes me warmly by the hand. I am again impressed by his simple charm and resolve to try harder to believe in flying saucers in future. "Say," he calls after me as the car begins to roll, "I shall be back in England next year. I'm going to address a meeting at the, what is it, the Alberts Hall."

"Those people who were sitting with him when I arrived," I ask my friends anxiously as we run down into the hot valley on our way to Ocean Beach, "what became of them? They disappeared like magic as soon as I sat down. You don't think *they* could have been . . . ?"

"If they were," I am assured, "they went off in a space-Chevrolet with a San Diego number-plate, and they had a space-dog with them."

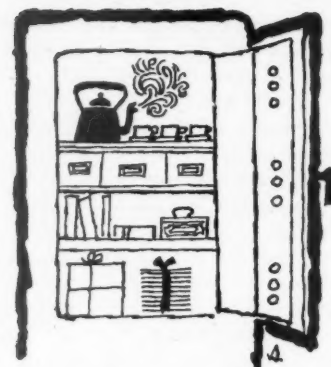
A space-Chevrolet—with a difference in engineering background, naturally—does not seem any more improbable to me at that moment than a space-man familiar with the branch-lines of British Railways; but I am not in the mood to be sceptical. Mr. Adamski, right or wrong, was much too nice.



"If God hadn't intended us to fly he wouldn't have given us wings."

A series defining moments of crisis and redirection in private lives

turning point



Froth in a Tea-cup

By Kenneth J. Robinson

MANY of life's most beautiful moments can be traced back to the sweet chance of a faulty gear box, a foot caught in a lift door or a set of teeth left carelessly on a sundial. But my own most memorable turning points have been more violent than romantic—apart from the very first one, which I didn't even notice. This was the occasion when the Moment of Anger passed me by. My young life was probably crammed with infuriating experiences, and it's possible that a more sensitive mind would have gone into a decline that could only end at the Royal Court Theatre. But somehow I pulled through, and when I first stepped between the classical portals of an insurance office I was as amiable a young man as you could wish to find on the threshold of big business.

Too amiable, I suppose. I remember being told it wasn't altogether the thing for a junior clerk to lunch at the same restaurant as the general manager. If anything this made me even more amiable. Junior clerk, did they say? Until that moment I'd seen myself as an office boy, and this had given me a terrifying sense of vocation. Great things, I knew, were expected of office boys, who usually ended up in control of investment companies, chain stores and other worthy enterprises. With my new-found freedom as a mere junior clerk I set about dodging insurance exams and finding a way into show business. But before I left I taught my successor all I knew—how to make office tea in the petty cash safe. In this vast soundproof chamber we poured the thick brew from a great height so that

froth settled angrily on top of the cups. No typist would touch the stuff. At the time this hardly seemed like a turning point; but later I was to see it as a simple illustration of the way to lose a job—to do it so effectively that nobody would want you to do it again.

I like to think this is why I failed as a writer of pop songs. One publisher actually told me I was too good for the business. "I appreciate your sentiments," he said, running a swilly eye over my banal lyrics, "but the melody's not common-chordish enough. They won't get it; it's too Jerome Kernish." He was a kind man and saw that I was a bit dashed. "Look here, lad," he said, "I wouldn't do this for everyone, but I like you and I like your work. Come down to the café one morning and see how me and the boys turn out the hits." I did. And then, bursting with milk-with-a-dash and inspiration, I went home to knock out a patriotic dirge, based on a motif known in the business as vamp-till-ready. This chorus, *It Won't Be Long Till It's O-ver*, was a far cry from my sophisticated foxtrot ballads, which had snappy, evocative titles like *Some Day We Two Will Meet Once More* and (my favourite) *Meet Me In The Valley Of Never-Say-When*.

The song caused a sensation in the publisher's garret. I have seldom seen a man so cross. As I hurried down his rickety staircase, past autographed pictures of minor stars of the 'thirties, his indignation billowed after me. In some way—by unconscious parody, I suppose—I'd bitten the hand that had fed me with trade secrets. As I walked off

sadly down Charing Cross Road I knew I should never go back. The world of the poor man's poetry had decided to do without me. I didn't mind so much for my own sake, but this, I felt, was a turning point for the nation as well as for me.

At this time I was an artist of the keyboard, which is another way of saying I didn't play the piano very well. Here, too, a turning point was near. My agent said he couldn't get me any more solo work unless I looked a bit younger. I realized that my last tour (Big Top, Leeds and Thespian's Hall, Hounslow) had taken me out of the infant prodigy bracket. Worse still, that new-fangled thing called television didn't want me because, as the charming girl producer said, "It's our policy not to have non-mobile acts unless they're well known." Then came the decisive workers' play-time show in a Chelmsford canteen. My throw-away number was over and I'd just started on the serious stuff—"A Medley of Concertos You All Know"—when I found the audience had switched from food to newspapers. I broke off at a dramatic moment and offered not to continue if I was disturbing anybody. I don't know if you've ever tried snubbing five hundred workers with an unresolved seventh in the first bit of Tchaikovsky's No. 1. If not, I do most heartily advise against it.

It wasn't long before I was working on the other side of the footlights, as a cub dramatic critic for a suburban newspaper. By day I was handling post-mortems, juvenile delinquents and Primrose League teas; by night I was the James Agate of Surrey. "Prompter Predominates at Purley," said my

column. "Why," it asked briskly, "are there not more plays for amateurs, like *Ten Little Niggers*, in which most of the cast are shot, strangled or poisoned?" Another turning point awaited me at a theatrical dinner, where I found a pretty girl admiring a scribbling reporter from the Other Paper. "How absolutely lovely," she was saying, clapping her small, white hands at him like something out of Dornford Yates, "but tell me, do all those little squiggles really mean something?" I searched my mind for the one phrase I'd begun to master from *Shorthand Made Shorter*, and soon the small, white hands were clapping for me as well. It was a most agreeable evening. The editor was not, however, entirely satisfied with my impressive-looking variations on "The judge will pay the cheque in to-day." He let me remain with the paper until the end of the week, while I looked for a post with a national publication.

Off I went, a would-be world-betterer sliding on yet another of life's banana skins—towards a career of Dedicated Criticism. When Mr. Fry first hit the theatre I was well out in front talking about the Religious Revival and the Poetic Renaissance. When the new realism came to the cinema I was among the first to describe it—rather aptly, I thought—as the New Realism. I demanded that the Oberammergau Passion Play should be rewritten, rebuked Mr. Eliot for concealing his Message in *The*

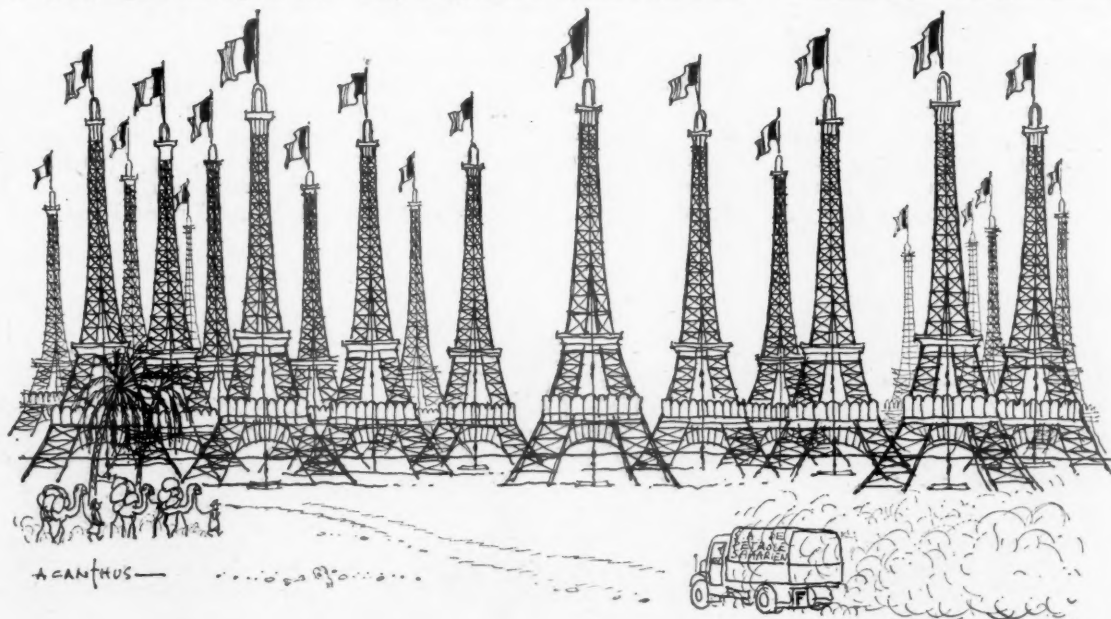
Cocktail Party, and told a surprised nation, with the help of the British Broadcasting Corporation, that the present-day cinema could be compared with the circuses of ancient Rome. I detected decadence in the post-war German film, deplored the cult of death in the new French plays, and used such words as montage and visual integrity. And then, just as my *Times* article on "Angst in the West German Cinema" had been flown in, as they say, from Berlin, I experienced my most important turning point—or *Entscheidungs-punkt*, as I liked to think of it in those days. I found I wasn't doing my job as a member of an international jury in quite the right spirit. Few of us understood each other, let alone the mixed bag of languages we'd heard in the cinema. Suddenly it seemed very silly that we were so earnestly committed to doing an impossible job. I know it was wrong of me, but I recorded a vote for *Nanook of the North*. I shall not forget the chairman's face as he read my voting paper; nor shall I forget the hasty consultations and the slow, forced laughter about the Englesche joke. From that moment I was a free man.

Free for what? Free to write what I really thought, without being bogged down by the jargon of the trade. Free to say what a fifth-rate place the theatre usually is, what a low moral state the cinema is in, and what mushy minds the telly can give us if we don't watch out.

Do I say these things? Not nearly often enough. I suffer from the critic's fear of being thought narrow-minded, priggish or even dated. What I'm looking forward to is the turning point that will make me snap out of it and describe things by those old-fashioned swear-words, "good" and "bad." I have a feeling that this turning point is already with me, and growing more significant every moment of its happy, nursery days. Can anyone have a child about the place without getting more and more angry with the sick world it has to grow up in? I may not be angry enough to write a play, but I *am* angry enough to keep my one-year-old turning point away from electronic and commercialized culture as long as possible. If I have my way he won't ever lie on a psychiatrist's couch, complaining of childhood persecution by telly-babble about hair restorers, reliable laxatives and the newest, bluest whiteness. His first Freudian turning point will be a good old-fashioned one, like his father's. I'm ordering the rocking horse to-day.

Further contributors to this series will be:

MALCOLM BRADBURY
SIRIOL HUGH-JONES
J. MACLAREN-ROSS
J. P. MALLALIEU
PHILIP OAKES
JOHN WAIN



ONCE I went to a cookery lesson which wasn't an unqualified success but gave rise to an interesting statement by our instructress. "Continental housewives shop daily," she said "because they prefer their food to be absolutely fresh." Years later I went to live in Rome and got a practical demonstration of what she meant. "Run quickly and get an egg for your brother's supper," my friend Assunta's mother would command at about 7 p.m. In

FOR
WOMEN



A View from the Kitchen

return for the egg she would hand us a bottle and push us back through the door crying "Hurry! Hurry! We're out of oil." If I suggested her taking a look around in case some other shortage was looming she never had time.

Our flat was on the sixth floor and as there was no lift we used the basket system; Assunta stood in the courtyard bellowing "Mama"; every kitchen window in the palazzo flew open, then closed as identity was established; and from our window descended the basket. As she hauled up the oil the signora was usually throwing a brown paper bag down to us and shouting "We're short on coal, run fast before the oven goes cold," and we had to sprint around to the coal shop for a bag of assorted.

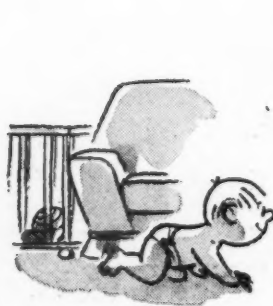
The coal shop sold what I in my ignorance had taken to be cinders but turned out to be charcoal. The proprietor, a meticulous man, weighed our modest order as if it were two ounces of Dolly mixtures. Wielding a dainty scoop he went skipping to and fro the mounds of charcoal and the scales, adding a fraction here, subtracting a morsel there, oblivious of time and

secure in the knowledge that his nearest rival lived a twopenny tram-ride away. Once when he did a rash bit of scooping and a fair sized stack slithered around his feet we had to wait ten minutes while he rebuilt it.

These hold-ups made for a pretty tense atmosphere back at the flat, because marginal reserves never entered into our "shop daily" routine. As we panted into the courtyard Assunta's mother or aunt would be doing a Sister Ann at the window with their basket dangling at the ready. They shared the kitchen and between them cooked for ten on three gas-rings and an oven. It never occurred to anyone that staggered eating-hours might be the answer, so three times a day they both dived for the gas-rings and the loser got the oven. The oven users always ate half an hour after the gas lot, but a shortage of fuel left them standing at the post, because the oven was not so much temperamental as neurotic. My only brush with it came after a few months of "Cuisine à la romaine" had left me suffering from a fervent nostalgia for British cooking. I was peeved when

fellow students let fly with shafts like "Good cooking now, eh? No more fishanchips," firmly believing this to be our staple diet, though the nearest they had ever been to setting foot on British soil was "An evening with Milton" at the British Council. So fighting back I painted succulent pictures of grilled kippers, blackberry-and-apple tart and steak-and-kidney pies, only to be downed in one fell swoop when Assunta's mother, worked to a frenzy of anticipation by my realistic descriptions and longing above all things to sink her teeth into a Maid of Honour, begged me to dash off a dozen or two on the spot.

What hope had I, reared on thermostatic control, of saving my country's reputation when faced at this crucial hour with an oven that was in all charity first cousin to a biscuit tin balancing on a charcoal fire with a neat little fan of chicken feathers attached for whipping up the embers? I tried standing in for the thermostat by calculated fanning, working up to the speed of a wind-tunnel for top heat and slowing down to a nonchalant flutter where the recipe said "Regulo three." But my every approach was rejected. The kitchen vanished in smoke, but for all the heat I raised I might have been



playing Ludo. Eventually, sightless and near asphyxiated, I dragged the lot on to the balcony and sat fanning away like some lonely Apache sending greetings back home.

After that I stuck to delivery until I lost prestige even there when returning one night with four ounces of Salami, a string of sausages and half a dozen artichokes—all top priority goods. I found the basket at the ready and piling them in gave two tugs at the line and hurried off to the pictures. It was a pity I didn't notice from whose window the basket was hanging because it certainly wasn't ours.

— CATHERINE DRINKWATER

Goodbye, Gadgets

I'VE gadgets galore for every chore,
But I guess they're made by men,
For they will not start, or they take
apart

And won't go back again.

They make machines for stringing
beans

And things for peeling spuds,
And rotating knives for chopping chives,
But most of them are duds.

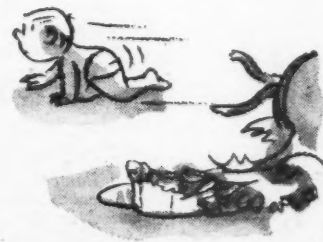
They're for slicing chips or extracting
pips

Or for grating cheese—and skin.
But you *cannot* clean down in between
Where the bits of dirt stick in.

So I'll say farewell to these tools of hell,
Ere the kitchen robots come,
And I'll go through life with a good
sharp knife

And a multi-purpose thumb.

— ANNE HAWARD



PHYLLIS HEATHCOTE replies to ALISON ADBURGHAM

A Letter from Paris

MY DEAR ALISON,—How busy you've been! *We* don't get down to this kind of junketing until well into October. For one thing, until this year when schools and *lycées* went back a fortnight early, residential Paris really didn't wake up from its long, douce holiday torpor till the end of September. Of course the other Paris, the visiting one, is frantically busy at this time. There is the usual autumn inrush of the more expensive Americans (the wives positively *glittered* with diamonds at the *Escargot* the other evening) and now the men up (and over) for the Motor Show—a concurrence of business that always puts a fearful strain on hotel accommodation at this time of year.

Another reason why our special brand of hothouse parties don't get going till later in Paris is that our counterparts over here, the French women journalists, tend to take their holidays at this time of year. *After* the Collections and *before* the Season gets going. This, by the way, explains why there were so few French colleagues at Rayne's party last week.

Talking of shoes, have you heard about Preciosa's new *heel-less* court shoe with a 2½-inch *heel lift* off the ground? Stability is given by a tongue-like metal extension from the sole. It looks as crazy as it sounds—more illusionist than orthopaedic. The model *Santal* is covered by a world patent, so if it hasn't already reached London it may well be on its way. Heyraud has the exclusive rights for France. Now, Perugia, the Parisian *bottier*, declares that he made a similar shoe as early as

1939, so we are waiting to see whether he will fight the Italian patent. *Santal* is advertised, by the way, as being *fort pratique pour la conduite des voitures*, but I shall stick to stacked leather even if it does foul the accelerator.

A new autumn stocking in the stores is in Rilsan (not a by-product of rice as I once remember telling you but of castor oil) printed in Persian designs. Green and blue, the fuchsia mixtures, tortoiseshell—all the new fashion colours in fact. It is a Dior creation but not a Dior price—490 frs. Would you like a pair for Christmas?

No one seems to take any interest in our election over here. Headlines in the papers of course; but when you nail a French friend down his usual reaction is to ask why it is being held on a *Thursday*. In France all elections (like football matches) are always held on a Sunday. Of course we British residents always feel terribly out of things at vital national times like this. And what makes me so mad is that it now seems that if you are abroad on legitimate business, arrangements can be made for voting through the nearest consulate provided your name is on a list six months prior to the election. Mine isn't and of course now it's too late...

Thank you for the bit about my looking *corps diplomatique* at the *Le Look Anglais* party. My last vision of you as you drove off from the Meurice in a Cadillac, flanked by the *Tatler* and the *Sunday Times* and half smothered in red roses, was positively *royal*.

Yours always,

PHYLLIS

Toby Competitions

No. 82—Pointing the Moral

COMPETITORS are invited to write a fable (not more than 120 words) illustrating, for an adolescent, the maxim: "Money is a good servant but a bad master."

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries by first post on Friday, October 16, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 82, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 79

(*Shall I Compare Thee?*)

Competitors were invited to write an urban love poem, and a large and, on the whole, accomplished covey of poets did. Most tried variations on the experts, Herrick and the rest. The poetry of the last half-century went unechoed. Very few competitors got away from the town as the driver sees it, from neon lights, traffic lights, Espresso bars. Winning went by hairsbreadths.

The winner of the framed *Punch* original is:

N. I. ORME
1 GLAISDALE ROAD
FISHPONDS
BRISTOL



"Everyone needs a change on holiday, dear—particularly a Harwell man."

Come, *Julia*, let us wander arm in arm;

Can carmine harm
Those brick red cheeks? Ah lips whose brightness mocks
A pillar-box,
And thine eye-brows, judiciously plucked,
A viaduct!
Thine eyes out-puzzle in their glowing sleights
Deep traffick lights.
He see a town for features, roads for wrists;
My hands thy tourists.

Among the runners-up were:

In Cobble Street my Love turns green,
In High Street jaundiced yellow,
In Lime Street such fluorescent sheen
To agitate a fellow.
Give me then the City Square with myriad stages set,
And fountain's interchanging scene in jewelled sprays and jet.
Like neon-lights my gleaming Love will flash and sparkle there,
Enchanting in enchantment's crude sophisticated glare.
Cupid is blind. His darts fly wide.
To City lights my Love I guide.
Mrs. Marjorie H. Hughes, 23 Cherry Garden Lane, Folkestone, Kent

Your form, my sweet, I never cease
to see in Wren's great masterpiece:
those columns, finest of their kind,
your gracious limbs recall to mind;
that timeless lantern 'gainst the skies
reminds me of your wond'ring eyes.
One hemisphere's displayed; but then
you've gone one better, dear, than Wren
whose artistry could not begin
to rival thee, my Marilyn.

Geoffrey Peachey, 37 Woodland Avenue, Hove 4, Sussex

And still I see her everywhere,
The tar gleams black, so is her hair.
The chimney smoke against the skies
Now blue, now grey, so are her eyes.
The pillar-boxes painted red
So are her lips. O to be wed!
Or to the country let me go
Where nothing says "Your love looks so."

Lady Murray, Borgia House, Castletown, Caithness

To prove my love for you, my sweet,
I'll dare to greet you in the street,
Where police patrol is on its beat.

On busy corner I will wait
For you belated, tempting fate
By the obstruction I create.

If doughty deeds my lady please,
What can I offer more than these?

R. R. Zanker, 37 Overleigh Road, Chester

My Love reminds me of a traffic light—
Red hair, green eyes, and amber-tinted skin.

Like blocks of flats that thrust toward the sky,
And balconied as some old coaching inn:

Yet sinuous as alleyways that wind
Midst offices and banks to quiet squares within.

She may be peaceful as a City church,
Or revelling in Fleet Street's throng and din.

I'll dally with my Love on Primrose Hill.
Oh, happy day when she's my next-of-kin!

L. F. Brown, 1 Collier Road, Cambridge

Other runners-up, who also receive one-guinea book tokens:

Gavin Bantock, *The Grey Cottage, 36 Bittell Road, Barnt Green, near Birmingham*; M. R. M. Davis, *16 Crosby Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex*; Miss Kathleen Taggart, *6 Mayfield Road, Wallasey, Cheshire*; Major J. W. Stamier, *Whitewater House, Dimpley, Hartley Wintney Hants.*



Crème de la Crème

IT is not often that the hoi polloi of the investing public are given the chance of a participation in one of the select City houses that are obviously known as merchant bankers or acceptance houses. When they do there is no holding them—to wit last week's scramble for 750,000 shares of Schroders Ltd.

Schroders are in the first rank of these world-famous City names. The firm was founded in 1804 by two brothers, sons of a family of Hanseatic merchants who came to London from Hamburg to find greater freedom for their merchanting ventures than the encroaching clutches of Napoleon allowed them on the Continent. They prospered and there is a story, probably apocryphal, that they made such rings round Napoleon's continental blockade of Britain that they sold 50,000 British great-coats for the Emperor's army in the march to (and from) Moscow.

They soon discovered that as a profitable side-line to their own merchanting they could finance other merchants' deals. In due time this financial help involved no more than lending their name or guarantee to a bill. This was typical of the evolution of most merchant bankers—merchants first and then drawn into banking and specializing in acceptance credits.

From acceptance credits Schroders, like most of their merchant banking colleagues, went into new issue business, highly selective deposit banking, foreign exchanges, investment, management of trusts, etc. It is a familiar mixture and highly profitable as long as another mixture—that of caution, wise judgment and enterprise—is also available.

Schroders Ltd. is a holding company controlling the banking firm of J. Henry Schroder in London, the New York offshoot, J. Henry Schroder Banking Corporation, and the Schroder Investment Company. The value of the business built up over a century and a half is £8,125,000 of which two-thirds, or £5,400,000, will, after this deal, be held by the family. The public was offered 750,000 shares of £1 at the price of 32/6 and though the yield on the

promised dividend was a modest 3½ per cent there was considerable over-subscription.

The investor must thank the Inland Revenue for the occasional opportunity to pick up shares such as these. Taxation and, in particular, the provision that has to be made for death duties compel public issues that would not otherwise be made. Apart from this latest comer the merchant banks whose shares are quoted on the Stock Exchange include Hambros—another firm with the patina of age and wisdom. There is also Mercury Securities which controls S. G. Warburg and Co., one of the latest comers to the select club of acceptance houses but one of the most dynamic.

These houses and their like are a unique feature of the City of London. No other financial centre has anything quite like them. Most of them are still partnerships or private companies—Barings, Rothschilds, Morgan Grenfell,

In the Country



Crime Wave

AFTER being worshipped for all those thousands of years bulls nowadays must find life a sad comedown; rather like being the Emperor Tiberius living in a pre-fab. Their lives seem the least bit limited and one-track, but on the other hand, cattle of their age and sex are lucky to be alive at all. Most are not.

Has the temperament of the average bull taken a sharp turn for the worse? There seems to be a lot of goring going on. Maybe bulls have been listening to gossip and are rendered nervous at the prospect of being automated into redundancy by A.I.

There is no such thing as a safe bull; and this is a thought not to have when sitting with legs inside the ring at agricultural shows whilst a bull the size of a cottage is being led round by some tiny little mongoose of a man. Bulls go on for years as good as pussy, registering benevolence and solid worth, and then the next thing their guardian knows he is in hospital, or in heaven. A moment's inattention when tethering, the back

Kleinworth, Lazards, etc., etc.; but if ever part of their capital has to be issued to the public the shares will sell like hot cakes.

Two postscripts that fit very well under the above heading: I.C.I. have produced superlatively good results for the first half of the year. Prices have been cut, but turnover is up; more has been sold overseas; costs have been reduced and so profits are 50 per cent higher; a conservative slice of these additional profits has been distributed by way of an increased interim. And this is one of the firms a Labour Government would nationalize "if it fails the nation." P. and O. did not earn more in 1958 than in 1957 as was claimed here a fortnight ago—but slightly less. £2,235,312 against £2,543,567. This was a good deal better than the general run of shipping company results over these two years.

— LOMBARD LANE

* * *

turned for an instant in the bull pen, and bulls with blameless records suddenly decide that they are the Minotaur in person.

Retired service personnel are particularly inclined to be bull-happy, on the ground of having dealt so long with far worse things. The wife of a farming ex-soldier in the west country recently came upon her husband lying unconscious in a field with the bull standing puffing over him. Instead of losing her head, as I would have done, and rushing wildly into the field flapping her arms at the bull and getting herself gored and her husband none the better for it, she went silently away and secured four persons with pitchforks. Her husband, as it turned out, was not dead, just very much the worse for wear, the bull having had a change of heart and decided against finishing him off. After ten years' farming he still wasn't fly enough.

On the other hand, there's the bliss of ignorance. In his second week of farming a retired admiral discovered that his bull had broken and dislodged its nose-ring, which is, of course, the only means by which it is controlled. Accustomed all his life to dealing with bolts and chains and anchors, the admiral decided that this was a matter right up his street. He drove into the nearest town, bought a bull-ring at the ironmonger, and inserted it single-handed into the nose of the bull, who hardly knew him by sight. Perhaps the bull was too astonished to argue. Perhaps it was beginner's luck. Or sheer personality.

— PENELOPE HUNT



criticism



BOOKING OFFICE

Top People

The Establishment. Ed. Hugh Thomas.
Anthony Blond, £1 1s.

WE have all become so used to hearing people fulminate against "the Establishment" nowadays that we overlook the fact that not many of us know what the Establishment is. Now, as the mayfly campaign sinks, with the Cliveden Set, and U and non-U, and In and Out, into the past, this book comes to tell us all about it.

Unfortunately the various contributors do not seem to agree with one another about the true nature of this phenomenon. There are six essays in this lively book: John Vaizey deals with the public schools, Simon Raven with the Army, Thomas Balogh with the

Civil Service, Victor Sandelson with the City, Christopher Hollis with the House of Commons, and Henry Fairlie with the B.B.C. Mr. Vaizey and Mr. Raven are certainly aiming at the same target; what they hate is leadership. Mr. Vaizey cannot bear the thought that at school boys should be brought up to accept responsibility. Schools, he thinks, exist to impart learning, and have no business inculcating into their pupils ideas about service, or "service," as he writes it, to the community if it involves their being prepared for command. Mr. Raven, whose contribution is far the best in the book (however misguided I personally may think it), feels the same about the Army. It offends him that young men should be trained to place themselves in positions of authority over their fellows, even if such

a thing is necessary for the proper conduct of a force. (After having torn to pieces a specimen officer to show how ghastly he was he adds casually "A. had a real gift for handling men and was outstanding on forest patrols in Kenya.")

Next in is Mr. Thomas Balogh, whose excruciatingly boring piece (with more footnotes to it than Bury's edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*) makes the very sensible point that if civil servants are constantly shifted from one department to another they are unlikely to become particularly expert in the work of any of them. Mr. Victor Sandelson concentrates on attacking the heads of the great banking houses, and Mr. Christopher Hollis, after giving a definition of the Establishment approximating to what I have always had in mind, goes on to condemn the party system in politics and the tyranny of the Whips in an essay cogent but almost entirely irrelevant. Finally comes Mr. Henry Fairlie, who, though he did not give birth to the term "Establishment," kidnapped it when it was very young, and he lashes into the B.B.C. in the person of Lord Reith—less, I feel, because he imagines that lord's influence still to be paramount at the Corporation (indeed he admits that it is much diminished) than because lashing into Lord Reith is such a stimulating thing to do, like whistling in church.

Who, then, *are* the Establishment? Mr. Hollis's definition is that they are "a body of people, acting, consciously or subconsciously, together, holding no official posts through which they exercise their power but nevertheless exercising a great influence on national policy." Mr. Vaizey equates this body with the Headmasters' Conference, Mr. Raven with the Imperial General Staff. Mr. Balogh is quite bewildering, for though he tilts chiefly at the heads of the Civil Service he seems to imagine that every government can form its own Establishment as it goes along, apparently by the granting of honours. (Surely the whole point is that the Establishment is independent of the Government.) Mr. Victor Sandelson's Establishment consists of merchant bankers, a list of whom he appends to his piece; Mr. Hollis's is kept decorously

THESE LOOKS SPEAK VOLUMES

A Panorama of Publishers



3. MARK GOULDEN

AFTER thirty-five years of catering for the literary tastes of the public—both as newspaper editor and publisher—Mark Goulden, Chairman of W. H. Allen, confesses that he still doesn't know what they really want. Since the day he discovered an unknown young poet in Wales, brought him to London and published his first volume of verse—it was Dylan Thomas—he has quested and found a lot of new writing talent and this he considers to be the real joy of publishing. His "proudest" titles: all the books of Edmund Wilson because he is the greatest literary critic alive to-day; Robert Nathan's *So Love Returns* because it succeeded without "sex, violence and horror"; the novels of Rose Franken because they have sold over two million copies; Alan Sillitoe's *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* because it was acclaimed the best "first novel" of the 'fifties; MacKinlay Kantor's Pulitzer Prize winner *Andersonville* because it successfully raised the price of the novel to twenty shillings in England.

in the background; and Mr. Fairlie's is at Broadcasting House. In Fleet Street, by the way, the one universally-recognized member of the Establishment is Mr. Henry Fairlie.

So it seems that there is not after all one Establishment, as we have been led to believe all the time, consisting of shadowy figures like Mr. John Sparrow and Sir William Haley and Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones. Everybody has his own private Establishment, as mediæval witches had their familiars. From the point of view of the reader of this book, that is as it should be, since nothing is more entertaining to read than an intelligent man's attack on his pet hate; especially when, as so often here, the hatred is so ambivalent as almost to amount to a love-affair.

— B. A. YOUNG

NEW FICTION

Heart to Heart. Baileu-Narcejac. Translated by Daphne Woodward. *Hamish Hamilton*, 13/6.

Brother Cain. Simon Raven. *Anthony Blond*, 15/-

Stop at Nothing. John Welcome. *Faber*, 15/-

Sealed with a Loving Kiss. David Hughes. *Hart-Davis*, 15/-

THE French team of Baileu-Narcejac can be relied upon to provide eerie plots and apparently impossible situations presented with subtlety of characterization and a surface realism recalling Simenon (Narcejac's first book was, indeed, a critical study of Maigret's creator). In their novels the dead come to life, ghosts walk before the bewitched and invariably pusillanimous male protagonists (by contrast, the B-N women are always strong and ruthless); then with stunning virtuosity a rational explanation (which cannot, as with some of Agatha Christie's dénouements, be altogether called a cheat) is eventually provided. *Heart to Heart*, perhaps their best to date, contains all these features and a brand-new background to boot: there is even an eponymous *leitmotiv* which may be sung over the credit-titles of the film-version predicted by the publishers. The hero is a pianist and weak-willed; his mistress an alluring pop-singer and hard as chromium; her husband an Orson-Welles-type composer of dance-hits and tougher than either, for his recorded voice survives to persecute them even after the lover has killed him with a candlestick. Then his publisher is murdered in turn, but who can be guilty with so small a cast? Yet despite this the solution as usual surprises and—more important—is entirely convincing psychologically.

The Feathers of Death was concerned with a homosexual relationship in an exclusive foot-regiment, and Jacinth Crewe, the exotically-named hero of Mr. Raven's second novel, is resigning



Hoffnung

Gerard Hoffnung, who died last week at the tragically early age of thirty-four, first appeared in *Punch* in 1952 with a drawing about a lovesick trombonist. From then on he contributed often, usually on musical subjects, though not infrequently with elephants, which had the same fascination for him as his beloved tuba. He was a fully-integrated humorist, who found fun in everything and was the greatest fun himself, though he could be passionately serious about the burning questions of the day. His style was highly personal; it had no obvious antecedents and leaves no descendants. Hoffnung was Hoffnung, unique and irreplaceable.

from another such regiment when the book opens, though the cause of his forced retirement is financial improvidence rather than irregular sexual activity. Previously, however, he had been expelled from school owing to a more than romantic attachment to a younger boy, Nicholas le Soir, with whom, in adult life, he resumes similar relations while both are employed by a secret organization specializing in political assassination and sponsored by the British Government. A heterosexual element is supplied by Eurydice, Nicholas's cousin, and the climax is reached when all three are detailed to murder a chivalrous American attaché whom Jacinth had idealized at Cambridge with astonishing and nightmare results. The book is unequally compounded of Buchan à rebours and Evelyn Waugh: Jacinth starts off as a *faisandé* Basil Seal, and the delectable figure of the go-between, Mr. Shannon, who unfortunately appears only in Chapter II, gives promise of high comedy which, though unfulfilled, is probably closer to Mr. Raven's real forte than the romantic Venetian melodrama of the closing sections.

Stop at Nothing is a most peculiar product: basically Dornford Yates brought up to date with a stylistic admixture of Nigel Balchin ("I was as keyed-up as all get-out," etc.). It has contemporary chapter-titles like "Pink Champagne and Barbiturate" or "Benzedrine for Breakfast"; the narrator is forty and feels it; food is copiously described, mostly in French; but both story and dialogue contain ingredients very much older in origin ("If you value your sister's life you will hand that formula over to me"); torture is inflicted by a gigantic mute, and the culmination is a chase between Ferrari and Bentley in the Gorges de la Nesque, resulting in the death of the villain, an enormous British Fascist colonel whose grandfather commanded a regiment of the Prussian Guard.

Novels by poets (Roy Fuller, for example) are as a rule admirably lucid and precise; but in *Sealed with a Loving Kiss* the turbulent progress of a love-affair between a disillusioned young doctor and the assistant banqueting manageress of a London restaurant is shrouded in such a fog of words that it is sometimes only possible to guess at what actually happens except that the couple finally part. David Hughes, the author of an admirable study of J. B. Priestley, would do well to emulate his subject's clarity and directness next time: his basic talent and feeling for language are not in doubt.

— J. MACLAREN-ROSS

LOVE AND GENIUS

And the Bridge is Love. Alma Mahler Werfel. *Hutchinson*, 25/-

Anna Mahler Werfel was the daughter of Emil Schindler, the 19th-century Austrian landscape painter, and early developed her musical talents. As a girl she married the composer and conductor Gustav Mahler, first among the many men of genius in her life. After Mahler's death she submerged herself in a love affair with the painter Oscar Kokoschka (from the illustrations she appears to have had the physique of a painter's type), and when she surfaced again she married Walter Gropius, the distinguished architect. This marriage broke up when she and Franz Werfel, the writer, fell in love. Three of the four children that Frau Werfel bore by various fathers died in different but equally harrowing circumstances. Eventually she and Franz Werfel were married, and together survived the Nazification of Austria and a flight to America after the fall of France. Unfortunately the style is hard to follow and at times recalls Stephen Leacock's *Sorrows of a Super Soul*. Through all her tribulations, however, Frau Werfel, now aged eighty, displayed the spiritual stamina which on one occasion made her give two difficult dinner guests "a few bottles of Tokay,"

although well aware that these, after a frugal dinner, would precipitate a violent argument. — V. G. P.

CREDIT BALANCE

Saddle Up. Lt.-Col. F. C. Hitchcock. Stanley Paul, 25/-. A completely revised version of a classic work on equitation containing all there is to be known on the subject written in a thoroughly gentlemanly way and sensibly illustrated by the author.

Where to Fish. Edited by Roy Eaton. *The Field*, 21/-. What Ruff is to the bow-legged, this wonderfully comprehensive guide is to the man with gut round his hat. Fishing information right round the world.

1764. Jack Lindsay. *Muller*, 25/-. This hotchpotch of news items from a single year is the perfect bedside book for the eighteenth-century enthusiast. Wesley, Walpole, Wilkes; crime, bawdry, and rising prices. Entertaining and informative.

Modern Architecture in Britain. Trevor Dannatt. *Batsford*, 63/-. Introductory essay by John Summerson on the growth of the modern movement. A well-documented book of photographs of post-war architecture with the emphasis on industrial, school, and official domestic building. Handsomely designed, without the tricky lay-outs expected in books on architecture.

AT THE PLAY

The Marriage of Mr. Mississippi
(ARTS)

THE Arts has an intelligent audience, and I have never known it so flummoxed as it was by *The Marriage of Mr. Mississippi*, by the Swiss dramatist, Friedrich Dürrenmatt. The theatre's

bush telegraph was in action all the time, with rumour, conjecture and wild surmise. It was an allegory on capitalism; an allegory on the position of Germany in Europe; it was even a tremendous leg-pull, some dared to suggest. It had the loyal faces at the Arts creased in perplexity.

It begins amusingly enough with a piece of sinister comedy, a Public Prosecutor calling on a young widow and proposing marriage to her, for the curious reason that she has poisoned her husband while he has poisoned his wife, who had been her husband's mistress. He is a moralist with a fearful reputation for hanging, and he is bent on introducing the Mosaic Law into his anonymous, Balkanese country. Their marriage is to be an expiation of sin; she will comfort all those he condemns to death, and watch them die. This promises well, chiefly because Douglas Wilmer plays him with a sardonic, half-mocking note that seems exactly right.

Then allegory takes over in a big way. We learn that, far from being the aristocrat he appears to be, the Prosecutor was reared in the gutter and educated in a brothel by its manager, who has since become a Communist leader. Revolution happening to break out, the Prosecutor is double-crossed by the Minister of Justice, who pops him into an asylum and seizes the opportunity to make himself Prime Minister. Round about here there is a lot of machine-gun fire and a nasty mob at the drawing-room window. Meanwhile the Prosecutor's wife (some years having elapsed) is entertaining a philanthropic German count who has

returned from the East riddled with tropical disease but still able to floor five bottles of brandy at a sitting; and just about now there dawns on us the shocking discovery that at different times the lady has been the mistress of all these men. Finally, after some very mad scenes, Herr Dürrenmatt returns to his original comedy and rounds it off with a further bit of poisoning.

The idealist count survives, while the moralist and the Communist are killed. This might lead one to suppose that Herr Dürrenmatt disapproves of busybodies, if the politician didn't also save his head. The one thing that becomes obvious is that the woman stands for Harlot in a cosmic way and with a capital H, though nothing either in the writing or Patricia Kneal's manner revealed the smallest sign of friskiness.

It is the duty of this sort of play to make itself clear, and in that *The Marriage of Mr. Mississippi* fails lamentably. Less tangled with allegory the author's macabre line in comedy might be attractive. The acting here is rather patchy. Apart from Mr. Wilmer, who is excellent, John Ringham makes the dipso count an amusing character, and Edwin Richfield is all the Communist should be.

— ERIC KEOWN

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Aspern Papers (Queen's—19/8/59), Michael Redgrave brilliant in his own adaptation of Henry James. *The Double-Dealer* (Old Vic—9/9/59), only a few more performances. *Pieces of Eight* (Apollo—30/9/59), bright revue with Kenneth Williams triumphant.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Better Building

SOME years ago, when I applied for an editorial job on an architectural paper, I was asked what I meant by good modern architecture. What did I think, my interviewer asked, of the New Empiricism, the Linear House and the *Machine à Habiter*? I told him I thought of nothing else—and spent the next few years learning to talk terribly professionally about buildings, without having the faintest idea what I was saying. But I also learned what I really meant by good modern architecture. I meant something that doesn't happen often enough in this country, simply because so many people are afraid of it.

I can give an example from near home—and home is the Ham Common housing estate built by Span Developments Ltd., and designed by Eric Lyons.

EXHIBITION

"Punch in the Theatre." Citizens Theatre, Glasgow.



As I write I am looking out over well-landscaped courtyards, flanked by low blocks of flats. The scale is human, the buildings are warm-looking—with their mellow brickwork and sections of red tile-hanging, and the peace of the courtyards is broken only by the steady camera-clicking of architectural students from all over the world. And yet, when Span and their architect decided to build this well-designed housing for "professional people" (the mid-century term for middle classes), they knew they were up against bureaucrats who preferred rows of little boxes dressed to look vaguely Tudor, Georgian or even Pseudo-Modern. They expected a fight, and they certainly got it. But they and their schemes—at Cambridge, Hove, Twickenham and Blackheath—have survived countless planning appeals and frequent delays of building.

When Spike Milligan saw one of these estates for the first time he clapped a hand to his head and said, in a pained Goon voice, "Someone must have suffered for this." Someone *had* suffered, and the suffering has been nicely commemorated in a piece of sculpture by Keith Godwin. This pathetic bronze figure, crushed into a wall at Blackheath, is not—as you might suppose—"When Did You Last See Your Femur?" Its correct title, "The Architect in Society," is a comment on the enemies who oppose the architect if he wants to do something good and different. These enemies include building societies, estate agents and—the worst offenders—laymen on planning committees. Few of them can understand a house that isn't thatched, half-timbered or riddled with diamond-paned leaded lights. And because they and successive Ministers of Housing have done nothing to help the architect to acquire the same status as other professional men, people who would never go to a quack doctor or lawyer continue to put themselves in the hands of spec builders who design on the backs of envelopes.

But now, thanks to the profession's institute and *Ideal Home* magazine, you can have good architecture a cheap and easy way. You can buy yourself a fifteen-guinea plan of one of the small houses selected as winners of their recent architectural competition. (*The Book of Small Houses*, Odhams, 15s.) I'm glad to see that some of these winning designs are planned to be put up in groups. This is the *only* way houses can be made to look pleasant in fairly high-density areas, so I hope the more enterprising spec builders will be persuaded by the success of Span to buy and build group schemes. It is time we all forgot the snob gimmick of putting detached desirable residences about twelve inches from their neighbours. There is no reason why the terrace should not be as "respectable" and attractive to-day as it was in the eighteenth century.

—KENNETH J. ROBINSON



[The Face

The Magician—MAX VON SYDOW

AT THE PICTURES

The Face—Les Cousins

CONSIDERED as an exercise in the macabre, *The Face* (Director: Ingmar Bergman) is outside the scope of my appreciation: a good deal of it approaches the style of the German oddities of nearly forty years ago, *Caligari* and the others (top hats, cloaks, crepe hair, chalk-white faces, harsh lighting, silhouettes), and I'm temperamentally inclined to get much less of a real feeling of the macabre from such things than from some modern *film noir*. But it can also be appreciated intellectually, with emotional detachment, and on this level I found it highly impressive, watching the conflict between mysticism and rationalism and the never-failing interest of the characters who represent each side.

There is only one out-and-out rationalist: the medical officer who coldly and contemptuously refuses to be taken in by the apparently strange powers of Vogler, a mesmerist and magician travelling with two or three assistants and his "Magnetic Health Theatre" in Sweden in 1846. On the other side are people representing many shades of faith, from the simple little kitchen-maids who eagerly buy love-potions and the old grandmother who is full of superstitious lore but not above making money out of it to the love-starved woman who pretends that her sexual desire for Vogler is really a belief in his supernatural abilities.

But the central fight is between Vogler himself and the doctor, its climax is his crudely unscrupulous and revengeful attempt to scare the sceptic into submission. After his performance has been ridiculed, Vogler contrives his own apparent death and has a real corpse disguised as himself, only to reappear with all the trappings of horror while the doctor, late at night, alone, in a locked room, is carrying out an autopsy.

The revenge is inconclusive: the doctor afterwards will not admit that the fear he felt was of anything but physical danger, and for all we know that may be true. But the point here is not the pattern of incident but the brilliant characterization and the design Bergman's story makes with it: the dark obsession of Vogler (Max von Sydow) against the closed mind of the doctor (Gunnar Björnstrand), Vogler's beautiful wife (Ingrid Thulin) who hates what he is doing but sadly helps him from love and loyalty, the witchlike grandmother (Naima Wifstrand), a dying actor (Bengt Ekerot) philosophically concerned about the exact moment of his death . . .

All this perhaps suggests an over-riding gloom; but in fact, as with nearly all Bergman pictures, the design includes the frequent contrast of lighter moments involving young people and simpler minds. The whole thing is extraordinarily interesting—and for anyone who can really feel the macabre emotional effect as well, its impact must be tremendous.

Les Cousins (Director: Claude Chabrol) is a strange little tragedy about young



WAYNE AND SHUSTER

people in Paris. That is to say, it's literally a tragedy (the ending that kills one of the two cousins and ruins the other comes about by chance, but the implication is there that they would have been done for anyway, somehow), although in incidental scenes and details it is often remarkably amusing. Charles (Gérard Blain) comes to Paris to study law and stays with his cousin Paul (Jean-Claude Brialy); and we laugh at the deliberate oddity and exhibitionism of the sophisticated Paul and his often dubious friends, even while we sympathize with Charles's disapproval of them. Charles is a plodder, Paul is effortlessly brilliant; Charles fails his exams after working night and day, Paul succeeds after wasting his time; Charles falls in love with a girl who, though she tries to love him, is quite candidly promiscuous, and Paul gets her too.

I don't think the feeling of tragic, bitter irony really comes over; if one regards that as the essential line of the story, it is too often lost among the details—which, though they are of circumstances and characters that have a bearing on the tragedy, are often, as I say, highly entertaining. But the piece is stimulating to eye, ear and mind, and I was held by it throughout.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

A Priest in Pigalle offers the well-known box-office mixture of sex, violence and religion—but it doesn't insult the intelligence and is well done. I want to recommend *The Rabbit Trap* (30/9/59), which seems to me to have had an unfair press. *I'm All Right, Jack* (26/8/59), *Ask Any Girl* (23/9/59) and *Tati's Mon Oncle* (12/8/59) continue.

Among the releases is *Blue Jeans* (9/9/59), too theatrical but perceptive and worth seeing. Others are *The Boy and the Bridge* (12/8/59) which I wasn't keen on, and *Jet Storm* ("Survey," 30/9/59). *Gidget* at first seems like

obvious aimed-at-teenagers romance, but gets better (it's incomparably more grown-up than a British picture about some equivalent age-situation).

— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Imports

OUR television planners have for a long time been dazzled by the reputations of Canadian artists, writers and producers. There seems to have been an awestruck assumption that Canada had in some magical way found the key to unqualified excellence in all departments of the medium. Gradually, however, this quaint myth is being blown away. There was, for instance, the time when it was taken for granted that the Canadian school of TV drama was about as adult and sophisticated as anyone could wish: this fallacy was exploded by the simple method of importing some of the actual products and exposing them in English living-rooms. One doesn't see many of them nowadays. They were for the most part both laboured and trite, and they must have given added confidence to some of our much-criticized native labourers in the same field. It was disappointing, for Canada is often regarded as being a pretty barren waste so far as the arts are concerned, and everyone would have cheered if they had actually managed to lift television to any new heights over there.

The latest and so far the most crushing disenchantment came with the appearance of two Canadian comedians called Wayne and Shuster in "Chelsea at Nine" (Granada). Very loud trumpets were taken out to herald their approach, and to judge by the work of the publicity department an air of mild hysteria seemed to prevail right up to the moment when the unlucky pair walked out into the middle of our little screens. From that moment the mood must have

changed quickly to glum despair, for these two gentlemen, who have "rocketed to the top in North America TV," turned out to be boring, delighted with themselves, and strenuously unfunny. True, there were one or two laughs, but that is not a high score in a fifty-minute show.

Since it is far too easy to damn a comic show out of hand I will offer some more constructive comments. The failure here is due to several causes. First, the material, while containing sound notions, is stretched beyond breaking point. There is a woolliness in the development of comic ideas: the Leaning Tower of Pisa episode was based on a joke that might have appealed to Chaplin but it was dissipated in a jumble of vague and long-winded gags. And neither Wayne nor Shuster struck me as having the necessary gift for instinctive clowning to rise above that sort of thing. Second, each works far too hard to convince us that both he and the other fellow is being very funny. Third, neither partner is a sufficiently good actor to put across the type of humour chosen: characterization in the Professor sketch, for example, began by being elementary and presently disappeared altogether: one longed for a Benny Hill. Fourth, I got no impression of any particular "personality" coming out of the act, pleasing or otherwise. For this last failing I fear there is no cure. The others could be remedied.

The return of "Hancock's Half Hour" (BBC) was a notable event in the same week as that which saw the collapse of Wayne and Shuster. Is it possible that he might die the death if shipped to Canada? I can't believe it. Also during that week I caught a few minutes of a double act called "Jewell and Warriss," which I found as witless and cheap as ever. But we can do better than this. Let us rocket our own good comics to the top instead of catching Canadian rockets on the way down.

I was glad to see the "Black-and-White Minstrel Show" back (BBC). Thanks to George Inns this remains one of the slickest production jobs on offer. Stan Stennett is not my idea of a wildly funny compère, but neither was his predecessor. Also, the show is built on corn, but only the most vital and enduring corn, and I hope there will always be room for that. Corn grows tall, too, in "The Good Old Days" (BBC), but this is usually an enjoyable romp. I would suggest to producer Barney Colehan, however, that he should be a little less adventurous with his cameras: the other week, by the use of ill-judged close shots, he deprived us of the full pleasure of watching the Alberts at work. These three dedicated idiots, and their dog, must all be seen together to be appreciated, because the act was devised for the music-hall. You can't have it both ways.

— HENRY TURTON



"I think we can risk a second martini—after all, the ship is fitted with stabilizers."

The Demon Exercise

By R. P. LISTER

SUDDENLY it reared out of the mist in front of me, that horrible horse. It was pawing the air with its forelegs, and astride its back was a horrible, muscular man. There was no escape; I had run a long way, and I was utterly exhausted. I sank to the ground at the foot of the plinth, panting. In that moment the whole of the lamentable past flashed before my eyes. I saw how I had been led into this impasse, all the mistakes I had made, all my weaknesses and my abominable folly.

I had fallen a prey, unwittingly, to the most insidious drug known to medical

science. I had become a martyr to exercise. Twenty years ago I was an honest, smoothed-limbed, clean-living young man. I knew all about the dangers of drink, tobacco, gambling, women, idleness and extravagance. I dabbled with them all, but at least I had been warned.

It was not so with Physical Exercise. Nobody told me it was a dangerous drug; if anything, I was even encouraged to indulge in it. Not that I seemed to be in any danger of addiction in those days. It is true that I climbed mountains from time to time, when I had the fare to the foot of them. I used to go down caves,

and swing from ropes' ends over unfathomable gulfs. Sometimes I would set off at midnight and walk twenty miles over the moors to see the dawn from some chilly crag. I even played tennis. But most of the time I spent sitting down, as a young man should.

Nevertheless, in those formative years I must have laid the foundations of the addiction, the craving for exercise that possesses me now. For years the craving lay dormant. Gradually, in fact, I took less and less exercise, being busy with other things. Then, one day, after many years, I saw on the horizon the distant

cloud of old age, no bigger as yet than a man's hand. The shape the cloud took was merely a faint sensation of stiffness in the knees; but it frightened me, and I took steps.

As always, fear was a bad counsellor. Before I knew where I was I had become what I am now, the helpless victim of a scourge.

I took up fencing. It seemed to me, in my innocence, that fencing would be just the thing for the stiffness in my knees. So it was; the stiffness rapidly wore off, but by then I was addicted to fencing for its own sake. In the same way many a drunkard has begun by trifling with whisky, regarding it merely as a social pleasure, an accompaniment to conversation. Then one day he no longer cares whether there is any conversation or not; all he wants is whisky.

Shame forbids me to go into the successive stages of my fall in detail. It is sufficient to say that within three years I was not only habitually fencing with foil and sabre but had also developed a tendency to ride a horse and to ski, whenever circumstances permitted. None of these weaknesses could be indulged in every day; so after a time I began to rise before breakfast to walk round the Park. Sometimes I broke into a trot. It was a certain sign, if I had only recognized it, that I had developed an addiction, and that it had

reached an advanced stage from which there could no longer be any possibility of my going back.

Alcohol seizes its devotees in exactly the same insidious way. A man does not feel, in the early stages of the affliction, that he needs alcohol. He would like a glass of beer, he needs a Scotch, he must have a bottle of Burgundy. Quite suddenly the dreadful truth dawns on him. He regards his trembling hand with his bloodshot eye, and says to himself: I must have a *drink*. It is the moment of truth.

It was such a moment of truth that I experienced at the feet of the horrible horse. In the morning the usual apparently innocent impulse had smitten me. I had woken at six, and I could not lie still. I rose, flung on a pair of trousers and a shirt, and dashed from the room. Entering the Park by the Black Lion gate I ran in a west-south-westerly direction, like a man possessed. And as I collapsed, at the hooves of the Statue of Physical Energy, I knew what it was that possessed me. I had not come to run round the Park because I liked running round the Park; I had come because *I had a craving for exercise*.

As I panted there at the plinth I saw not only all my past but all my future. The hopeless years stretched out before me like a kind of treadmill on which I saw myself endlessly indulging in

pointless physical exertion, an increasingly pitiful figure of degradation. In twenty or twenty-five years I should be one of those terrifying old figures with mighty, deep chests, knotted arms and wildly waving remnants of white hair, flailing at dawn round the Serpentine and up the rise towards Marble Arch. It is too late for me to do anything about it now; the habit has a hold on me that no clinical treatment or wise counsel can help me to shake off.

All I can do is, by laying my fearful case before the public eye, to save some other man, still young, from the fate that has overtaken me. If only one human being, learning from my example, forms the wholesome determination to resist the temptations of the demon exercise and remain in his armchair, these words will not have been written in vain.

"FIREMEN GIVE FISH A 'SPRAY' OF AIR

Even the rich are finding the weather too hot in York. Large numbers of them in an exhausted state were floating on the River Foss when the temperature reached 81 degrees yesterday.

After being asked by the help, the fire brigade turned out.

They pumped water from the river and returned it as a spray in the hope of adding oxygen to it.—*Yorkshire paper*

No champagne?



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